

MACLEAN'S

HIDDEN HAVANA
Benoit Aubin takes to
Cuba's mean streets

CHANGES IN TV LAND
A new survey charts
a shifting future

Q&A: SCOTTY BOWMAN
Why he picked a
good time to quit

SARS: FEAR AND LOATHING OF TORONTO

Canada's biggest city is declared
a no-go zone. Why perception
may hurt more than reality.

BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE



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DAILY LIFE IN SARSVILLE

For Toronto, the perception of the city is now a bigger problem than the reality

I HAD ONE OF THOSE Scuffed like most cities recently—a seemingly banal exchange that may or may not have been fraught with hidden meaning. Over the last year, Saturday drive-ins at a local Chinese restaurant has become one of our family rituals. Our kids enjoy it because there are chopsticks and lots of different bits of food to play with, and myself and I like it because the staff are so child-friendly and the food is terrific. Through travel, then illness, we skipped some Saturdays there recently—a period that coincided with the outbreak of the SARS virus. When we returned, the manager, friendly as ever, observed that the kids' seen us in a while. At a time when SARS has hit Chinese-run businesses particularly hard, was the just making conversation, or offering a veiled apology? I don't know—just as the couldn't know whether we were really seen, as I told her, or sitting at home.

Welcome to Me these days in Toronto, where the occasional such paranoia among residents is, in fact, easily eclipsed by the reputation directed toward the city by so many others. Riding upon the World Health Organization's travel advisory danger list isn't supposed to happen here. The result, when last last week, is an out-of-body feeling, as if this were happening to someone else. Reports in the international media collectively give the impression that catastrophe in Toronto is imminent—or has already arrived. But on a personal level, not a single person of my acquaintance has so far (though would be hit with the virus or quarantined—and it's been more than two weeks since any new case was diagnosed outside the medical community.

So much for the direct effects of the SARS virus on Torontonians; but the fallout surrounding SARS is economic, emotional and other terms—which is the focus of our cover package—is another matter. It may not be true that that's good for Toronto as always good for the rest of the country. But what's bad economically for Toronto is almost certainly bad for all of Canada, given the city's

financial clout, and status as the home of so many head offices.

Living in a place where residents are often accused of behaving with self-conscious arrogance, it's particularly odd to suddenly become a pariah. On that count, virtually everyone around the city has a story. A natural conference on which I was scheduled to be a panelist next week has been cancelled because no one will come here. A Canadian friend in London was told his two sons' university income from school for a 10-day period. The reason during a recent visit back to Canada, they didn't visit Toronto, but they did fly out of Toronto airport—and that was enough to alarm school officials. Tips to the U.S. are no longer routine. Antennae have been spying on everyone from teenage female soccer players to pilgrims bound for a Roman Catholic mass in Massachusetts. Overall, the difficulties of travel to many countries abroad are compounded when your passport shows a Toronto address.

The odd thing is that the WHO, a branch of the United Nations, issued its advisory even as its evidence suggested that the worst of the SARS danger here is behind us. That's why so many people speculate, despite WHO denials, that the organization targeted the city because including a North American metropolis alongside other all Asian locations is politically expedient. And yet, not so long ago, is the U.S. braced for war with Iraq, at least some of those same people were leading chants that the UN could be taken on to deal with matters of global concern in a balanced, nonpartisan manner. These days, here in SARSville, even the recent past seems a very distant place.

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



A TRADITION OF LOYALTY

The year was 1932. R. B. Bennett was prime minister. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), forerunner of the New Democratic Party, was born in Calgary. Iraq achieved independence from Britain. And in tiny Brush Valley, Sask., an 18-year-old teacher named Michael Swenarchuk received his first subscription copy of *Maclean's*.

Just over 71 years later, Swenarchuk is 90 and living in Kelowna, B.C. A lot has happened in the interim—including to address changes—but one thing remains constant: his *Maclean's* subscription, now in its 72nd consecutive year.

"I started subscribing because *Maclean's* covered so many subjects that mattered to Canadians," he recalls. "It was the Depression and rural teachers had few sources of current information—phones and radios were scarce, while newspapers came just once a week. *Maclean's* gave me and my students a connection to the outside world."

A keen amateur historian, Swenarchuk enjoyed *An Inside History of Canada*, a humorous serial by R. E. Hall published in 1934. "I liked *The London Letter* from Beverley Baxter, which ran from 1936 to 1968, and enjoyed reading Blair Fraser, Pierre Berton, Grafton O'Leary, Bruce Hutchison and, more recently, Allan Fotheringham and Barbara Amiel."

Swenarchuk's lengthy association with *Maclean's* gives him a rare perspective from which to comment on the magazine's evolution. "I've enjoyed watching it change from a general interest publication that carried fiction to a news-magazine. The changes have been positive and helped to make it a better, more interesting publication."

Appreciation of *Maclean's* also extends to the younger generation of the family, including granddaughter Catherine Zwack. Catherine, who lives in San Jose, Calif., "misses Canada very much," he says. "Recently, she started subscribing to *Maclean's* and she says it helps her to stay in touch with home."

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'Why send Canadians to clean up Iraq? The Americans should bear the full cost of what their government has done without U.N. sanction.'

—ALEX A. TRUDEAU, *Letter, A.C.*

Letters to the Editor/Editorial comments

Voices from the front

I've been watching TV coverage for hours over the last few weeks, but Alexander Trudeau's coverage "War and peace" (April 21) told the Baghdad reality with much more sensitivity than the TV clips of round-the-clock bombing and looting. I look forward to the film he is making. His father would be proud of him.

Betty Brightwell, Victoria

"Chaos in war's wake" by Arthur Kerr (Cover, April 21) made interesting reading, especially for those of us who felt there never was any legitimate reason to attack Iraq. After using the UN resolutions to help reduce Iraq's defensive capabilities, the coalition forces had no difficulty invading what was essentially a hapless opponent. The question now is, where are all the misadventured weapons of mass destruction that were supposed to legitimize this whole unfortunate affair? And I wonder what President George W. Bush felt the first time he looked at the picture of 12-year-old Ali al-Husseini Althani who lost both arms, plus most of his thumb, as the result of an errant American missile. The next time there is a terrorist attack on the United States, there will be no need for Americans to ask, "Why do they hate us so much?"

Ian Goringham, Abbotsford, B.C.

The introduction to an editorial in a recent issue of *Newsworld's* *Business Daily* by Arthur Kerr perfectly "No matter how often they're wrong, Americans are never over on it. They just change the subject, giving them a new way to cast things in the worst light. And so it is now." Although I'm still a Canadian after 46 years in the U.S., I'm increasingly inclined to bring about it.

Robert Fowler, Montebello Park, Calif.

The invasion of Iraq has been a military success, but somehow it's hard to rejoice. A couple of disturbing reasons cause concern. 1. The invasion was justified because Saddam Hussein, allegedly in possession of weapons of mass destruction, had not disarmed. Thus



far, none of these weapons have been used or found. 2. In Baghdad and almost all Iraqi government ministries and offices have been destroyed. And the oil ministry remains untouched, having been protected by U.S. troops since they arrived in Baghdad.

Gerrald W. Hamilton, Courtenay, B.C.

There are the countless Iraqi civilian victims, "collateral damage," as well as coalition victims. There is no sign of "weapons of mass destruction," chemical or otherwise. And who really knows if Saddam Hussein is dead or alive? There was no apparent threat to the U.S. and the coalition forces were able to protect Iraq oil but not its people or their heritage, which is so

OBSERVING THE PASSIONATE REACTION FROM OUR READERS IN PREVIOUS ISSUES TO OUR COVERAGE OF THE WAR IN IRAQ

Andrew Taylor of Mississauga insists, "I wonder if people care for 'transect reporting' any more. I applaud you on your stance in allowing your contributors their intellectual freedom in presenting their views as they see them," adds Taylor, "and shrinks at the vilification you consistently receive from both extremes of the argument."

many ways is our heritage. So I have one question: why did they invade Iraq?

Rob Sherman, Vancouver, B.C.

In the Dark Ages, noble knights went on crusades to conquer the heathens, bringing the message of true religion to the infidels was the righteous motive. But the world of today, covered all to truth as the knights and kings were. A second crusade? Kuwait, Iraq, Syria? I just returned from a holiday in the States, and felt like I was in a bad dream—the molotov was moving but going nowhere. The American media were using phrases like "coalition forces" and "American troops" "liberating" the "focus of darkness" and "fighting for freedom." I am happy to be home. I am grateful to hear the national news every hour on the radio. I am grateful for our courage, not just apart from our neighbors, even though there are consequences.

Lila Hertz, St. Albert, Alta.

Going with the herd

I agree with Peter Menzies about the loss of the journalists in Iraq ("People just like you," *Menzies* in the *Record*, April 21). Some of them were regulars in my reading or listening and I shall miss them. It is ironic "The best journalists believe that it is better for you to know what is happening than for no one to know. The best journalists believe it is better for you, at times, to see horrible things than to pretend they don't exist." The best journalists believe that the least powerful people on the face of the earth—the poor, the hungry, the displaced—can have an impact if other people, people like you, have a chance to meet them. It just would seem to me that the best journalists also need to go with something more than the flavor of the day in news.

Why was it necessary to have something over 300 journalists covering the Iraq war when almost no one is covering the long-standing war in Sudan or the situation in Zimbabwe, where another murderer in power has killed or oppressed almost many members of the opposition as well as journalists? And what about Sierra Leone, the Congo, Rwanda and Uganda? Are Iraqis more important than citizens of these countries whose suffering is not headlined or commented on in the daily briefings in the White House?

Arthur L. Goss, Waterloo, B.C.

'Worthy of worry'

Allen Grogg's essay "SARS and the fear factor" (April 21) is less about being reasonable and more about that guest capacity for misreading those things we really should be afraid of until it's too late. It happened in 1918 with the great influenza pandemic and it happened again in the 1980s with AIDS. The fears of SARS are worthy of worry—lots of worry. The biggest fear among a 300-some many times greater than the 20th century's greatest killer, the 1918 flu. Afraid yet?

Philip S. Moore, Coquitlam, B.C.

Allen Grogg's cowardly attitude does not inspire confidence. Granted, the number of SARS deaths is lower than cancer and car accidents, but SARS is communicable and the dead were escalating, and neither is a method of transmission nor a treatment have yet been discovered. Furthermore, it's not necessarily rational for the public to be out of proportion to statistical risk. The important issue isn't fear, but faith—rather, the public's lack of faith in the leaders of our health-care system. We've learned not to trust the so-called experts from such disasters as the BSE/Cowmad blood scandal. We know another major bioterrorism is long overdue, so it's understandable that Ontario was unprepared to deal with this.

Gerald Butler, Thunder Bay, Ont.

Pence mending

So, U.S. Ambassador Paul Cellucci's disappointments are fading into memory? "More heart than guts?" *Cover*, April 21? Iraq on site. There's a list of disappointments with the U.S. government that we might as well put on the table. Disappointments that the U.S. still hasn't joined the International Land Mines Treaty, Kyoto Accord, International Covenant on the Rights of the Child. Disappointments that the U.S. is pressuring Canada regarding the legalization of marijuana. Disappointments that the U.S. is still bickering about spending billions on Star Wars instead of having the courage and generosity to live on a peaceful economy. I wish Ambassador Cellucci all the best in his last posting, however remote.

Janice Van der Meer, Victoria

A message of hope for Canada/U.S. relations on April 15, my friend and I attended a talk outside Seattle given by Sen. Mike

McMichael. A major theme was that the right-leaning media and the gun-toting neo-fascists who seem to be overbearing down south do not represent the majority of Americans. When I stepped up to a mike and identified myself as a Canadian, there was thunderous applause. I asked Mr. Moore where he thinks Canada/U.S. relations stand in light of recent events, and he pointed to the crowd, saying, "This is the majority voice."

of American rights here?" He then led them in a bipartisan tradition of our national anthem, the final notes of which were drowned out by the cheers of a packed generation of well over a thousand. I was dumb.

Adrian McMorris, Vancouver

Authentic faith

Sean Bellamy's article "Resurrecting James" *Religion*, April 21) on the controversy sur-

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KEEPING CANADA'S TIME FOR GENERATIONS

rounding the James Ossuary was both subjective and informative. However, the so-called loss of archaeological context is not a rare occurrence within the discipline. The ossuaries of the greatest "find" of the last century, the Dead Sea Scrolls, were found by Bedouin shepherds in caves that were previously unknown. But no scholar today would discount the scrolls' significance or worth simply because many lack a known

and controlled provenance. Second, Barabas implies that, to consider the ossuary authentic and having contained the bones of James, the brother of Jesus of Nazareth, involves faith alone. He states that in "traditional Christian and Jewish theology... faith precedes and entrenches." Where does he get his information? The apostle Paul states that "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of Christ" (Romans

10:17), i.e., faith comes with understanding the propositional truth of the Old and New Testaments. Biblical faith is reasonable and logical, as well as spiritual.

John Heschel, Honesdale, Pa.

A sweet boycott

I enjoyed "A three-pronged opera" [History, April 23], about the "crown-Canada 10-day candy boycott" in 1947. It brought back a flood of memories of a 12-year-old paper boy delivering the *London Evening Star* Press, for whom five cents was a lot of money. One nagging concern: Canada had chocolate bars, the U.S. had candy bars.

L. Graham Edgar, London, Ont.

But does he wear plaid?

Greg Grylls of Oklahoma City mentioned that he wished he had the financial means to emigrate to Canada ("Strip-tears and harassment," The Mail, April 23). Perhaps he'd like to participate in a job-exchange program with the CBC. If he has any skill whatsoever in commentating on hockey, he could easily swap places with Don Cherry who, only a couple of weeks ago on Coach's Corner, said if his friends in the States had a job for him, he'd be there. How about it Greg? Can you say "and stuff like that there?"

Bill Marklein, Toronto

Good for what ails you

The interview with Colin Meachie, "People really want to laugh" (Q&A, April 21), drove home the point that when it comes to serious issues, laughing matters. A friend and colleague, Charles Heltzer, a former U.S. marine colonel, is working in Rwanda, helping build its civil infrastructure through a program called Democracy Works. Laughter and humor are key components in this program, including, you guessed it, *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. It seems that if leaders can laugh with the people, not just at the people, it makes for a better place to live.

Peter Lefkowitz, Ottawa

Our leader chose not to take part in the war and we should not take part in making a "Machete" of the sad situation in the Middle East. Let us at least have some dignity and continue to offer prayers for all of those who have suffered physically, mentally and given their lives, in some cases so innocently—for what cause?

Bernadette Polley, Orléans, Ont.

THEWEEK



Shia Power | Freedom means days when the chanting never stops

For days, the chanting never stopped. Not, invariably, in the self-flagellation, with steel chains or dulled swords. What began as a model of civility and religious freedom—hundreds of thousands of Iraqis flocking to the holy city of Karbala for a sacred anniversary—now was that had been ruthlessly put down by Saddam Hussein's henchmen—soon took on a different collision. Raw Shia power, like the lead that installed the oilfield led thousands near door in Iran. For many in Washington you could almost hear the collective "ooga" from the liberators' poster heads as "ordinary" Iraqis began playing with democracy's greatest freedom. Could it be that by toppling Saddam, the U.S. has reached Iraq for an apostle's rule?

Too soon to say, of course. The broad American plan seems to be for some kind of federation that would play off northern Kurds against the minority, governing class Sunnis and the Shi'ite majority who make up some 60 per cent of the population. But the startling display of religious passion at



Pilgrims playing in Karbala for Muhammad's grandson, killed there in 680 CE; some Wooded themselves in piety

Karbala—orderly, polite and fiercely fervent at the same time—defied a week of intense diplomatic waging. Enraged ally King Abdullah of Jordan warned America "the clock is ticking" on the establishment of order in Iraq, while Washington and Tehran exchanged barbs over whether Shia Iran is secretly behind supposedly secular Iraq's religious awakening. By week's end, Washington's mood had veered from something like parental pride at the initial outpouring of religious freedom to the bitter resentment of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld that Iraqis will be free to form their own government—so long as it is not an Islamic-style theocracy.

He may be able to pull this off. Iraq's Shia are reportedly divided along secular and dogmatic lines. But many also have the scars of Saddam's tyranny to keep their fervor alive. And Karbala was an earth-shaking event, extreme piety mixed with anti-Saddam and America-as-home chants. Witnesses said pilgrims pounded their chests so hard, the ground appeared to move.

ScoreCard

▼Toronto: Suits from advisory firm World Health Organization turn Canadian financial aid into international park. And of Canada's two systems enough to avoid T.O. Shells for new status in S&P's business a bit much.

▼Toronto: Mike Loefer: Aging train wanted how straight, just when "reassured", Visa-issued city needs their road. Leaf fans now free to cheer on Ottawa Senators in Vancouver Canucks. It's OK, really. With SARS means on, no one will ever know.

▼Windsor: of mass destruction: World events that results of conflict in Iraq sceneries: hunt, but greatest local threat level so far seems to be cache of really bad police art.

▲Seattle: Michelangelo's marble book readers battle between two Italian women, experts at art restoration. One American artist's work with walls, the other a slow but with better hair brushes. Not last chance for a very old guy who had his last wish in 1975.

▲Winnipeg and away: The small news RCMP finally arrests, after eight-year investigation, it has nothing to do with it. In blacked accident in Air Canada's purchase of Airbus jets. The last round of police had long since targeted with most under investigation.

Quote of the week: "It's a purely public health decision. We have to stop exporting this disease to places where it doesn't occur."

World Health Organization spokesman DECK THOMPSON making the advisory to avoid Toronto because of SARS



MARATHON MEN Robert Chepnget—pronounced chepnet, as in “airline”—became the 12th Kenyan in 13 years to win the 26-mile Boston Marathon, in 3 hours, 18 minutes, 21 seconds. His countrymen took eight of the top 10 spots, underscoring their exceptional mastery of the distance run. Seretse Khama of Botswana won the women’s race to prevent a Kenyan sweep, as was the case a year ago.

WORLD

REFUSAL France took big step toward reconciliation with the U.S. by agreeing to do away with UN sanctions against Iraq—and thereby tacitly accepting a lessened UN role in the war-torn country. Still, senior U.S. officials, including Secretary of State Colin Powell, said the relationship between Washington and Paris has been seriously damaged.

The U.S. also refused United Nations arms inspectors, deciding to send 1,000 of its own technicians to Iraq to seek out weapons of mass destruction. The move came as chief U.N. arms inspector Hans Blix criticized the U.S. for not giving inspectors based on half-truths. President George Bush said later he could not guarantee weapons of mass destruction would be found.

POWER STRUGGLE Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat edged toward figuralhead status as he lost an Egypt-mediated power struggle with new Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas.

After weeks of negotiations, Abbas won the fight to pick his own cabinet, and to control the Palestinian security force, which he reportedly wants to use to run in elections like Hamas. Israel responded by inviting Abbas to Jerusalem to restart peace talks.

AMERICAN JUSTICE San Diego prosecutors charged 34-year-old Scott Peterson with two counts of murder, one for his pregnant wife Laci, who often missing-gave Christmas, and one for her eight-month-old fetus, after both bodies washed ashore two weeks ago. The charge of killing a fetus was a joint thrust.

American super-bust off abortion debate. But officials said the double charge would make it easier to seek the death penalty.



THUNDER One of Britain’s most prominent anti-war campaigners, Scottish Labour MP

George Galloway, may be turfed from Parliament and charged with treason if reports are true that he accepted \$465,000 a year from Saddam Hussein. The allegations are based on documents found in the bombed-out Iraqi Foreign Ministry in Baghdad. Galloway says they are a concoction.

NOBODIA President Glaspious Obasanjo won his first democratic election since taking power in 1999 after years of military dictatorship. Opponent-based election was rigged and are trying to regroup for state elections next month.

RELIGION Spanish priest asked Pope John Paul II to rebuff Queen Isabella of Castile, the devout 15th-century monarch who spread Christianity around the world but banished Jews and Moors from Spain.

SERENA Former leader Slobodan Milosevic, currently on trial for war crimes at the Hague, and eight others were charged with



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BOOTY CALL A gold-plated automatic rifle, believed to have belonged to a son of Saddam Hussein, is one of several "spoils of war" confiscated by U.S. officials from a roaming soldier and members of the media. The lot includes paintings, edgy vintage weaponry and a ceremonial dagger. Also under investigation: members of the U.S. 3rd Infantry who stumbled on a brick-top house containing \$450 million in U.S. currency, some of which has apparently gone missing.

the abduction and murder of Cold War-era Serbian President Ivan Stambolic in 2000, when he was about to challenge Milosevic for office. Stambolic's remains were found while police investigated the assassination of Prime Minister Zoran Djindjic in March.

ANIMAL CRUELTY California wildlife authorities raided Tiger Rescue, a supposed sanctuary for natural animal actors, and discovered nearly 90 dead tigers and leopards, including 58 dead cubs, unaffiliated with the rescue. Authorities suspect some of the animals were let to starve after they became

too old to breed and their body parts were being sold in Asia as aphrodisiacs.

CANADA

WALKERION Stan and Frank Koebel, the brothers at the center of the tainted water scandal in Walkerton, Ont., three years ago, were charged with 12 offences, including breach of trust and public endangerment. Seven people died when deadly *E. coli* bacteria contaminated the town's water supply and no one blew the whistle. An inquiry concluded that both the Koebels

brothers, who were responsible for the water supply, and Ontario government shortcomings, contributed to the tragedy. Police said there will be no further charges.

TORIC SLASHES To the amusement of mallows: Sybil's Lake, Alta., RCMP charged three teenage girls with attempted murder for spilling the drink of a rival with copper sulphate from a high school chemistry lab. The drink was allegedly intended for one teen but at least five girls, ages 14 and 15, drank it and were taken to hospital.

EPIDEMICS Infection rates for HIV and hepatitis C in federal prisons are at least 10 times higher than in the general population. Over 40 percent of female prisoners have hepatitis C, said Correctional Services Canada.

A worldwide shortage of styrofoam, due, some say, to oil in Russia where the new material is patented, landed in the news in the popper population in Western Canada. Once a month's trend, styrofoam is the poster of choice for poppers.

AIRLINES As Canada's attempt to restore value financially to its railways—in the form of the Canadian Air Warblers. The union wants to create to stop the airlines from using money destined for the employees' pension plan in collateral for corporate loans.

The fight accuses the astronomical bail of giant American Airlines in the U.S. where flight attendants, ground workers and pilots renegotiated their often off-financial realities after it was revealed those senior managers had established generous golden parachutes for themselves. The controversy forced the resignation of the airline's top boss, Montreal-born Doris Carty.

FISH Eleven years after its initial moratorium, Ontario closed what remained of the Adirondack fishery, ending a tradition that goes back centuries. About 1,000 commercial fishermen, mostly in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Newfoundland, are being offered \$44 million in compensation. Despite a decade of increasingly stringent conservation, cod stocks are showing no signs of recovery, federal scientists said.

Four First Nations along British Columbia's central coast are suing Ottawa and the province, claiming that sold salmon—and their rights to catch them—are imperilled by disease stemming from large-scale fish farms

Mansbridge on the Record



ADS THAT SUBTRACT

The real casualties of the Globe vs. Post wars are viewers of their TV ads

I CAN RESIST NO LONGER. For weeks, I've been considering doing this, but have then thought, "No, they'll say, and then I'll just look like I've taken advantage of what clearly was a simple mistake in judgment on their part."

But they haven't stopped. Canada's two "national" newspapers have been in their war for more than four years now, and the damage has on the landscape for all of us. It ranges from credibility on disputed membership numbers, to the loss of former editors and owners, not to mention long-range story claims that put bad old-fashioned to shame. But hey, that's competition. News, though, there's a new weapon on the battlefield: The National Post uses it first, but the Globe and Mail has recently put it to work in its personal testimonials. There, for example, is a Post editorial that Nelson comes, wondering this about his competitor: "It is a crime to put with the English language with passion and integrity." And the colleague, Andrew Coyne, saying, "We really hit on our news in ways that some of the other papers might not." These are two very light guys—I know, because I often take to them for their analysis, wit and ability to cut through the nonsense that surrounds political life in Canada. But here they are, shot with Hollywood lighting and soft focus lenses, coming up with insidious howler paper that would make some of their old people blush.

Before I go further, let me say that I know what they must have gone through when they were lashed in a studio to do their part in their paper's war plan. Being in TV, I know these types of videotaped self-protestations: after hours of preparation, lighting tests, makeup brushes, and cameras rolling perfectly along little tricks, you're finally sent talking about your broadcaster, your colleagues, your viewers. And with each take, you get discouraged by the production bingers-on to get lower, and more

bold, as your chance. Pretty soon, you'll say almost anything just to get out of the room. And sure enough, that's what they end up saying in the testimonials. You don't know anything is about anything, but after a while you can quote your own lips rather than the ones on the other side of the glass. When the stars of the Toronto media died, Robert Pickard, has found himself sitting off the one-liners. And Pickard didn't say about some dragging, either. "To people who don't read the Post, the only thing I have to say is, 'God, you're missing a lot!'"

Now all this must have been too much for the spinners over at the Globe. After weeks of nothing back, they've responded—but not with typed open from their columns. No, it's the cross-armed stars of the country's older newspaper are not being too outlandish for this one, instead at the Globe's editor, Ed Greenough, who boldly refuses to be fished for the Globe because, he can give, it's only only it's "perspective" to the day's news. Make you wonder what all those pages and extra sections in all the other periodicals on the newspapers and all the documentaries and special reports on TV and radio, are actually doing.

But when it comes to TV, the Greenough story doesn't end that high. Post columnist Diane Francis owns that one, she must have really wanted to get out of the studio during her turn in front of the cameras. How she even kept a straight face through this one is beyond me. "The Financial Post is by far the best business paper Canada has ever had, or ever will have."

I don't know whether there's a question here, but at the CBC, we haven't used the testimonial approach for a few years now—not since one of our "national" newspapers made fun of the technique, and said it was beneath us. I thought that was so unfair.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National. To comment, write to him at pmans@nbcnews.ca.

Passages

CLEARER The RCMP has dropped its eight-year investigation into the Airbus after involving former prime minister Brian Mulroney, Tory lobbyist Frank Moore and German Canadian businessman Karlheinz Schirmer. In 1995, the Liberal government sent a letter to Swiss justice officials regarding Mulroney and possible improper payments in the 1988 purchase of 34 Airbus aircraft. Mulroney subsequently sued for libel, in



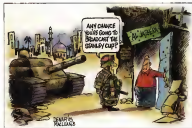
SENTENCED Willem Madikishe-Madikela, the co-wife of former South African president Nelson Mandela and a member of parliament, was convicted last week of 43 counts of fraud and 25 of theft involving a woman's league that she runs. She was given five years in prison, with a one-year suspended sentence. Madikishe-Madikela, 66, has remained out of sight in prison, but will remain out from her public appearances. She was released on bail pending a possible appeal.

LEAVING Moses Zimmler is stepping down as vice-president and executive producer at CHUM television. Zimmler was one of the original founders of Toronto's Citytv in 1972—which was acquired by CHUM in 1979. The media mogul will continue to work with some of CHUM's educational services, but will mostly focus on personal projects, and producing the idea City conference and film programs.

DIED Nina Simone was born Eunice Kathleen Womper in 1933 in North Carolina. She trained in classical piano and became a firm jazz singer with the 1950s hit "Toi You Percy" and later used music to challenge the U.S. civil rights movement. Simone, 70, died at home in the north of France.

RECOVERING Canadian hares actor Alan Thicke lost five years, after being hit with a hockey puck at a Burbank, Calif., rink. Thicke, 56, was performing for an upcoming celebrity event.

BY TONY DENVER





Hockey | Band of brothers

It used to be that fans of the Vancouver Canucks just waved white towels at playoff time. The tradition was born of defiance, not surrender—back in 1982, then-coach Roger Neilson tossed a towel on a sock to mock a referee's decision. At subsequent home playoff games, fans began mimicking Neilson, and those endorsing Canucks went all the way to the Stanley Cup final. This year, the mindily supportive Canucks fans have added a supplemental form of motivation. Pledging to others singer Mark Dimechilly, the 18,000-or-so who crowded into GM Place for playoff home games are giving voice to arena-roaring renditions of O'Canada. What they lack in conscience they make up in ear-splitting gusto.

Besides, the Canucks provide the bar

story. Unlike Toronto, where infighting was common even before the mighty Maple Leafs' streak-out, Vancouver has Team Happy, on about all the budget. Others may have the best record among the remaining Canadian teams, but the Canucks have Martin Neukand, the league's most current and best captain. Displaying a laudable level of accountability, Neukand publicly claimed the team "choked" by losing its final regular-season game and promised to earn back fans' faith in the playoffs. The Canucks also have the league's goofiest tough guy—no one is safe from Todd Bertone's prickly jokes and wisecracks. They are enormously fun to watch: changing channels from the Titans to Philadelphia final to the last Vancouver-St. Louis game last weekend like going from a side street to the freeway. And they have odd habits, like playing soccer before games

Bertone (14), Neukand (25) and Morrison have given Canucks fans reason to celebrate

in the arena passageways.

It would be difficult to imagine a lower group, and that's no fake. The talented core players—including forward Neukand, Bertone and Brendan Morrison, and defencemen Ed Jovanovski and Martinus Ohlsson—are all in their 20s and as close as brothers. So before he makes any moves to add to the roster, Canucks general manager Brian Burke examines a prospect's personality as much as his performance. He has looked away from some trades and free-agent deals because he feared the additions might fit the subtext. Neither he nor his players were so upset the magical chemistry that seems to lift the team—and the hopes of its fans.

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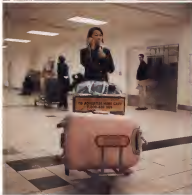
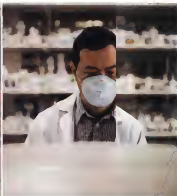
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SARS:

FEAR AND LOATHING OF TORONTO

Why is the world shunning the city? Sure SARS has hurt, writes JONATHAN GATEHOUSE, but the locals insist they're in control.

MESSAGES DON'T get more mixed. Depending on who, or WHO, is doing the talking, Canada's biggest city is either a perfectly safe and fun place for a family vacation, or a no-go place at all. Two months after the first case of the flu-like severe acute respiratory syndrome arrived in Toronto, 35 people were dead, *Globe* had 265 possible or suspect cases, and a worrying public health problem has suddenly morphed into a crisis with national implications.

Concerned that Canada may be exporting the mysterious illness to other nations, the Geneva-based World Health Organization issued an international advisory last week, warning travellers to stay away from Ontario's capital unless a visit is absolutely necessary. Local politicians and health officials were flummoxed, claiming the SARS outbreak is almost under control. But that made little difference in the international media where Toronto, and the rest of Canada by association, have become synonymous with danger and death. Tour operators and hotels, already feeling the effects of SARS worries, were flooded with cancellations. Major corporations, in Canada and abroad, are telling employees to avoid the city. Restaurants—especially Chinese restaurants—are

suffering; conferences and conventions have been called off. And an increasingly worried public is left to wonder whether their city's on the cusp of containment or widespread contamination.

Masked men and women are still few and far between on the streets of Toronto, but in a world where bad news travels faster than ever, perception is reality. Lester B. Pearson International Airport, usually the busiest hub in the country, is nearly quiet, the dwindling crowds of visitors from east of town conspicuously unhappy to be there. Co-workers Joe Polchuk and Sebastian Poirier disembarked from an Ottawa flight late last week wearing surgical masks to shield themselves from microbes. "Six on board, people as many as that," said Polchuk, a 22-year-old electronics salesman, among the dead toll at the time. "I don't want to be the guy that brings this back home. My brother's a health inspector, and he told me there is no way I should come here without protection." Poirier wasn't too squeamish about bringing intruded the attention of the media, but no less apprehensive. "I thought there would be more people wearing these," he

Clockwise from top left: a line snail in the crowd; a pharmacist takes precautions; commuters feel no need for masks at crowded Union Station, en masse on arrival at Pearson airport

said. "But I'm doing it for my girlfriend and my family. They really didn't want me to come to Toronto."

Fear appears to be speeding faster than the disease itself. People from Toronto are no longer welcome aboard the ships of one major U.S. cruise line. Long-planned school trips to the region, including money for a high-school music festival, have been cancelled. International delegates backed out of conferences even as far away as Quebec, Vancouver, which is dealing with its own, far less serious SARS outbreak, is also feeling the economic pinch. A major gala in dusty gathering scheduled for May 11-14 in Vancouver has been postponed for a year. Joey Ducharme, managing director of the Montreal-based Market Pulp Association, the conference organizer, says industry grants from Europe and the U.S. expressed concerns about their employees flying in the age of SARS. "We tried the rational route to say that it's very intimate, it's not of anything happening," says Ducharme, "but in the end we just couldn't argue with the emotions and the fear of something potentially happening."

Canada's swift descent to pariah status angered politicians in all levels of government, apparently catching them by surprise. Anne River, Ontario's internationally low-key premier, was aggressively aggressive, pledging \$25 million in new funds to help Toronto's overcrowded hospitals through the crisis, \$10 million to subsidize twenty billion incremental savings, and unspecified money to compensate quarantined Ontarians for any lost wages. "The WHO took us unprepared and, I think, totally uncomprehending," said River. "We were quite frankly sandbagged by the WHO."

Mal Rasmussen, Toronto's top, infectious-disease expert, who has been battling his own health problems, surfaced after a prolonged absence to declare—after the first trace—that he "has never been so angry" in all his life. His inability to tell the difference between the Geneva-based WHO and the U.S. Centers for Disease Control—which doesn't evaluate the travel warning—didn't inspire confidence, however. Nor did the mayor's subsequent appearance on CNN, where he was unable to answer such basic questions as just how many people in the city are suffering from the illness.

Officials at the WHO and city would give

their travel advisory a formal review only after three weeks. But later they said they would look at new data from Toronto early this week. Public health officials argue that Toronto has been unfairly lumped in with Hong Kong, Beijing and China's Guangdong province—also under travel advisories—where SARS has spread into the community at large, and where official tallies almost certainly understate the real number of SARS cases. Almost all cases in Canada can be traced back to exposure to an ill hospital patient, they say, and by the time the WHO issued its warning, it had been 2½ weeks since a new case appeared outside a clinical setting.

"This has been a hospital outbreak, not a community one," says Dr. Richard Schabas, Ontario's former medical officer of health and now chief of staff at York Central Hospital, just north of Toronto. "The picture being given that this is a growing epidemic that is spreading across the community is simply not true." This outbreak peaked in late March, Schabas, who participated in a conference call in which WHO officials reached their decision about the travel advisory, says there are no scientific grounds for slapping the plague city label on Toronto. "This is an entirely political decision," he insists. "The WHO doesn't want to appear to just be singling out Asian cities. We're a neutral body."

Those who study the past, however, see some disturbing parallels with other devastating disease outbreaks in Canadian history. University of Toronto historian Michael Bliss writes a book on the smallpox epidemic that killed some 5,900 Micmacs in 1815. "In Toronto now, just as in Montreal then, we're at the mercy of the least responsible, ineptest segment of the population," he says, referring to those who would break quarantine and endanger others. "We've already had problems with people not obeying the rules. That's just how the smallpox spread." As the death toll and international concerns rise, reluctant politicians in Montreal were eventually forced to take draconian public health measures to halt the disease, virtually shutting down the city. "These are grim struggles against microbes and you have to trust the generals you're hired," says Bliss. "But the lessons we've learned in the past also show that you can't rely on the public's good sense. There has to be a backup plan."



Pekety (top left), a pair waiting for arrivals, and a junior cover up at Pearson



SARS HOT SPOTS

The five regions on the World Health Organization's list of places to avoid

	Total population 2000	% of world total	Reported deaths
China			
Hong Kong	1,619	32	155
Guangdong province	1,274	30	90
Beijing	877	25	42
Shandong province	875	4	8
Toronto	234	3	25
World	4,543	100	277

PUTTING SARS IN PERSPECTIVE

When a real epidemic hits, the casualties are far greater than what we've been seeing. Some of Canada's worst:

	Year	Deaths
Smallpox—Quebec City	1783-83	3,880
Cholera—Upper and Lower Canada	1832-34	18,990+
Typhoid—Greater Ill. Que.	1847	5,490
Smallpox among the Pacific coast Aboriginals	1862-64	30,000
Smallpox—Montreal	1885	5,500
Spanish influenza—across Canada	1918	48,000-50,000
Polio—across Canada	1952-65	413

the Toronto area make up about 20 per cent of the national economy. The already apparent drop in tourism and business travel could have a significant short-term effect, as could any wide-reaching quarantine that shuts offices, schools and more.

What's more, however, is how much the increased government spending on health care—a sector that accounts for 16 per cent of GDP and the labour market—might offset other losses. In the end, it will be consumer spending—the thing that has really been driving the Canadian economy in recent years—that will count. “There’s really no way to say how about something like this,” says Minique, who notes that Sept. 11 didn’t have nearly the fallout in Canada that many experts predicted. “If consumer spending isn’t anybody’s guess.”

With the doom-and-gloom scenarios swirling fast, perhaps the biggest surprise of the SARS crisis so far has been the stubborn refusal of Torontonians to panic. While newspaper stories suggest tales of hand sanitizers and surgical masks, as well as the business of Internet grocery ordering services, are way up, it’s hard to detect any evidence of changed behaviour on the streets. Thus, the always-competitive malls, movie theatres, shopping malls and vibrant gathering places are a little less crowded, but the busy remained full—at least until the Leafs flamed out in the first round of the playoffs. Foreign reporters who arrived expecting to find overcrowded hospitals and plague wagons have barely been able to contain their disappointment.

Steven Taylor, a University of British Columbia psychologist and authority on health anxiety, says the people crowding SARS clinics in Vancouver, Toronto and elsewhere are often from the more timid part of the population who obsess about every well-publicized outbreak, whether it’s anthrax, West Nile virus or fish canning disease. The vast majority of people tend to be cautious but critical about the level of danger they’re facing. “I think it’s healthy in this case to have some level of appreciation—not to go into high risk places like hospitals unless you have to,” says Taylor. “But it shouldn’t be interfering with people’s day-to-day lives.”

It’s an outlook that most Torontonians seem to embrace, despite the relentless media coverage. They crowd onto buses, sidewalks and sit without a mask in sight



Masks for sale at a Toronto pharmacy. The Greens enjoy a night out on the town.

They’re puzzled when friends and relatives call from afar, asking if they’re OK. On a beautiful spring evening, the couple’s shopping and window shopping along busy downtown Bloor Street look as big as ever. Rick Green, his wife, Pat, and their son Derek should have more to worry about than most families. Rick is a firefighter. The world is an administrative mess at one of the affected downtown hospitals. Derek drives a bus for the Toronto Transit Commission. They’ve all been feeling the stress at work, but six weeks into the outbreak, they haven’t seen any colleagues, friends or neighbours who fall ill.

The Greens aren’t panicking or changing their lives until they see proof that there is something to worry about. “We’re Canadians,” Pat says by way of explanation. “When the medical officer of health gets on TV and says that everything is OK, we believe her.” There’s not much more to talk. The Greens are heading off to meet family and friends. “We’re having dinner at a Chinese restaurant,” Pat says with a laugh.

WEB Ken MacQuinn is in Vancouver.

VOICES FROM THE FRONT

When SARS crashed into the lives of Torontonians, it left many reeling

THE SARS OUTBREAK has swept many people into a vortex of tragedy, fear and confusion. The disease suddenly changed their lives in ways they couldn’t have imagined. Some of their voices, compiled by Associate Editor Susan McClelland.

Patricia Zander, 42, an intense care nurse at Toronto’s Scarborough Grace Hospital, greets us at the city’s SARS outbreak, developed a high fever during the night shift on March 19. Four days later, she was hospitalized with SARS symptoms, including severe fatigue and shortness of breath. Now resting at home, Zander is expected to make a full recovery.

For a week, I was so weak I struggled to make it to the bathroom. I had to hang onto things because I was so weak by myself. The door closed, and if I fell, no one would see me. I couldn’t shower; I was just too weak that I might fall. I joke now that my hair had a week-long oil treatment.

I knew I wasn’t going to die. I’m young, in great health, I’ve never smoked and I never get sick, so I was optimistic throughout the ordeal. The only scary moment was when my 15-year-old daughter, Nicole, who was under quarantine in our house with her older sister and my husband, came down with a fever and cough. When I heard about Nicole, I cried. We could talk on the telephone, but I felt helpless. I couldn’t be with her. I grieved. She turned out to be fine but it was very frightening.

The people I work with at the Grace are misinterpreted. We really respect the hospital, but we don’t tell people where we work the way we did in the past because there is such a negative feeling about the Grace. Our hospital will have to do a lot of PR work to change public perception.

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Tanaka says her worst moments came when she found her 10-year-old daughter was sick, too, and she couldn't leave the hospital to be with her.

On April 4, four-year-old **Angelica** and her family were quarantined at home when it was suspected they had come into contact with someone having SARS. Days later, *Angelica* came down with a fever and cough. She spent the next nine days in isolation at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital, separated from her maternal parents, **Aileen** and **Alvin** (who asked that their last name not be published to preserve their privacy). In the end, it turned out *Angelica* didn't have SARS.

Aileen: "The separation wasn't as bad as the knowledge that I was just helpless to do anything. I was allowed to stay with *Angelica* the first night, even though I was under quarantine. The next day, the doctor said I had to go home. *Angelica* didn't make it more traumatic than it already was by dropping to me. She just understood. I was allowed to visit and let her fall asleep before leaving. At bed as it was for us at home, *Angelica* made it a lot easier. She was really strong and brave, even when they were giving her tests. She would boast, 'I didn't even cry. I didn't say no.'" The second day was the only day that was bad. She really

missed us that day and she was really crying. Aileen: *Angelica* called us first thing every morning to make sure we were at the other end of the phone, and we would leave the phone on all day until the fell asleep. We sent her videos, balloons and little gift baskets. *Angelica* was always aware of when she was coming home. She'd say yes on the phone, four more sleeps, three more sleeps.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Angelica would call her parents every morning from her isolation in hospital and they'd keep the line open all day long

As a leading member of the Philippine Catholic congregation *Imbab-Cash* at Diocese (Open to Spirit to God), **Tina Makino** has found herself the centre of worldwide attention. From April 12 to 25, the majority of the group, 170 adults and children, went into quarantine after a member contracted SARS through his

father, who'd been a patient at Scarborough Grace. Now, the *Philippine* feel stigmatized and victimized by false accusations.

When my husband, two teenage sons and I began the quarantine, we sat down and wrote through what public health required of us. We each chose our own activity, plans and towels. I gave everyone a brand new tube of toothpaste, a thermometer and a mask. The hardest part was explaining to our sons why this was happening. We assured them that this was a precautionary measure. Every night we would get together with our masks on and pray. Neighbours dropped groceries off at our door. A family friend left us Easter communion.

There have been some real instances in the reporting about our community. Take the RLC member who felt like he had the flu [he was later hospitalized with SARS] but still got into a van and went to Montreal on a business trip. What is not being told is that, before he went on that trip, he twice went to the doctor, who said he was fine. As another issue is Baycrest [Toronto media

reported that two members of Balducci's showed up to work at the Bayview Centre, a long-term care residence, breaking quarantine. One radio host asked callers, do you think these people—meaning us—are enemies of the state? It shook me to my core. It turned out the people weren't even related to BILD, they weren't under quarantine, but no one greeted that.

BILD was very active in the community. Many of our members volunteer with the sick and elderly and at programs for the homeless. Who knows what impact SARS will have on our future or the future of this work?

SARS claimed the lives of two of 10-year-old Jason Pollack's closest friends: his grand parents, Joseph and Rose Pollack. Joseph, 76, contracted the virus when he spent a night in the Scarborough Grace emergency department, lying near a man who was dying from SARS. Joseph died on March 21 and Rose, 73, on April 12. Some of Jason's thoughts as she wrote them down on the day of her grandmother's death:

I never would have suspected that my family, out of the millions of families scattered all over, would get this disease. This moment has been hard for everyone, but for me it's the hardest because I'm the youngest. I have no clue what is going on. I shiver when I think that death actually came and did its job by breaking up a family and taking these special people to heaven.

Andie Pollack finally tried to convince they just couldn't. They had to let it all out. No one had the strength to do the things they used to do. My dad couldn't make me the way he used to, my mom couldn't speak without letting a snickerball fall from her eye. I couldn't play at school the way I used to because I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Whenever I look at a picture with my wonderful grandparents, I smile and I cry at the same time, and when I do that I know they are right beside me doing the same.

It was very hard because my grandparents were the best people ever. They treated everyone with the respect they deserved, especially me. Overcoming this hard time was, well, hard. I mean, you have to get over that someone has died and you will only get to be them along the road of life—oh, some know as when you die. When I think about this, I don't say that they're dead, I say they are just gone for a while. ☐



ROOM AT THE TABLE

Some businesses are hurting, but the picture could quickly brighten, writes MARY JANIGAN

HARDLY ANYONE calls any more. And when they do, they talk about the risks of travelling, not the joys. They talk about masks and anti-bacterial soap. They decide to book at the last minute—far all. Large corporate clients are cancelling their meetings. Tour operators drop by, nervously requesting how Europeans and Americans are staying at home because they don't want to land at Toronto airport and have to clamber onto what they'd view as a disease-ridden bus. And, lo and behold, Liana Collins wonders how long her job as a post-secondary agency will last if business doesn't pick up soon. "It is scary, very scary stuff," says Colleen, an agent at Manley Travel Services Inc. in Port Hope, Ont., just east of Toronto, for 10 years. Her viewing recent photographs of the world's most beautiful business, hanging from the left. It is a terrible attack to the left, she adds. "You wonder if SARS is the first wave on the side."

And not just for travel, by a long shot. Even if SARS vanished tomorrow, expecting as early as it crept into our lives, the

economy will be hard—at least for the short term. The World Health Organization's latest advisory against travel to Toronto virtually guarantees that the damage will spill into the weeks ahead. Already, Bank of Canada governor David Dodge has guardedly concluded that the impact of SARS has ensured that second-quarter growth will be "more what weaker" than expected.

The problem, of course, is that no one knows the severity of the contagion. If Canada's health workers manage to control it, the damage will largely be confined to key sectors in the Toronto area and, to a lesser extent, in Vancouver. That is not true: the Toronto region alone accounts for 20 per cent of Canada's GDP. But if SARS sweeps from the pockets of contagion into the broader region around Toronto or, horrors, if it re-emerges over greater numbers of Canadians in other centres, the damage could be mind-boggling. The truth is that no one knows—and everyone is braced. "In our business, hopefully, you just need an economic up-

lift," says Toronto Dominion Bank chief economist Don Drummond. "Well, you need a credit cycle lift here. And not even the doctors have that. We are on a ledge and we could break away—or go over it."

In the meantime, it is possible to catch a glimpse of the damage already done. Robert Spencer, head Canadian economist at Merrill Lynch Canada Inc., calculates that if SARS remains contained in the Toronto area, second-quarter GDP growth could fall anywhere from 0.5 to 1 per cent. That's the good news. The bad news is that if SARS does pull national growth down by one per cent, Toronto's second-quarter growth—already constrained to a fifth of the economy—will be plummeted by five per cent.

Jim Carrachid, chief Canadian economist with J.P. Morgan Chase & Co., has a slightly more dire view. He has scrutinized SARS reports from across the nation, figured out which sectors are affected and determined what role they play in the economy. His conclusion: SARS is likely to cut second-quarter real GDP growth by up to 1.5 per cent. That was before the WHO's warning. But what would happen if SARS continued to spread—and the WHO alert remained in effect for some time? Could there be a recession? "I hate to go there," says Carrachid. "But we have got ourselves on the verge of the strongest growing member of the G7 for 10 years of years. If we do not contain this

"I have never seen such a catastrophe," says Waco, after 40 years in the food business.

quickly, the risk is that Canada will not be—and perhaps by a significant measure."

In the meantime, SARS already has at least three sectors reeling, especially in and around Toronto.

TRAVEL Vancouver Investment executive Milan Wang flew from Vancouver to Toronto, then on to Montreal last week. "The terminals were so empty you could still a ball down there," he marvels. It can only get worse. Air Canada filed for bankruptcy protection on April 1—after passenger miles dropped 10 per cent in March, mostly due to SARS. It has already trimmed system capacity—and additional output of 16 per cent are expected this month.

HOSPITALITY At Biagio's Ristorante, a light

turning spot in downtown Toronto where hundreds usually gather for meals, fewer than 25 diners around the chequerboarded and gleaming wine glasses one day last week. Business has been bad for four weeks—and it's getting worse. Customers have even called from New York City to cancel. Owner Biagio Vito is in despair. He hasn't the heart to fire any of his long-time staff, "because they all have families." So everyone is working fewer hours—and desperately hoping that SARS is controlled soon, and the world knows it. Vito did his usual rounds of neighbouring bars last week, asking for referrals, only to be told that occupancy rates were below 25 per cent. And falling fast. He wants governments to suspend their sales taxes, so restaurants can try to attract patronage with the promise of a discount. "I have been 40 years in the food business," Vito says, "and I have never seen such a catastrophe."

ENTERTAINMENT At the Show Festival in the quaintly lovely town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, a half-hour drive from Toronto, attendance remained at traditional levels last week. But advance sales for the coming season's 11 plays have been dropping by each week for the past four weeks. Last year, 358,000 people—two-fifths of them from the U.S.—flooded to more than 800 performances. This year, U.S. tour operators, who so many bought tickets in bulk for resale, are starting to cancel. "The WHO is scaring Toronto," says the festival's creative di-

rector, Colleen Blake. "But my fear is that the world is hearing 'Canada.' There is a very serious concern."

It's bad enough now, but suppose SARS keeps percolating through the Canadian population, even at a relatively leisurely pace. That, in time, could affect our very way of life—and work. Four major Toronto conventions, adding up to more than 50,000 room nights for hoteliers, have already been cancelled. U.S. head offices are telling their Toronto employees to stay away from their parent firms. But the worry is more wide spread. Jerry Acree-Boyle, vice president of the Association of Canadian Community Colleges, visited her son in Hong Kong in early April. Before she left, her staff, as she puts it mildly, "expressed concern." Now back in Ottawa, she is working from home in a self-imposed 10-day quarantine, conducting business by conference call. "It was the responsible thing to do," she says.

Such a prolonged change in time, could affect those great unknowns of economics: consumer confidence, and business spending and hiring plans. Last week, citing numerous factors including the uncertain business environment, the Bank of Canada trimmed its 2003 annual growth forecast to 2.5 per cent, down from three per cent. But if SARS spreads and retail sales are dropping—figures for March won't be available until May 21—the nation could be in a whole new economic bind. And annual growth could fall still further. "There are some sufficient, negative, direct impacts," says Carrachid, "but they are all localized and still in a few instances." His sickly query: "Canadian economies are just starting to move along the learning curve so to the potential impact if SARS is not contained."

In the end, if SARS is contained, economic recovery depends on how quickly people return to business as usual. Parts of Toronto, spectators of the outbreak, were eerily quiet last week. But TD economists assume that, if people conclude that Toronto is safe, growth could actually be slightly higher than expected in the last two quarters of 2003. After all, conventions can be rescheduled and delayed purchases can be made. "This is running high on a psychological note," says Drummond. "And we're getting into a bit of an unknown realm." Medicine may cure SARS, but it is going to take the equally powerful tools of confidence to rescue the economy. ☐

WHEN HAWKS SOAR

There's a growing belief in the United States that it can remake the world in its own image

IF YOU WANT to enter the heart of American triumphalism, there are few better places than Norfolk, Va. Headquarters for the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, the town is little more than clusters of modest suburban bungalows, strip malls, fast-food joints and a seignioring number of pawn shops, allwedged between and around the world's largest naval complex. Norfolk is proud of its varied faces these days. American flags are posted everywhere the eye turns—on car antennas, in front of homes, in storefronts, on the roofs of restaurants and howling at key. Motorists are commonly hounded by signposting them to "Support our Troops," or declaring "God Bless America."

At the Dockside Bar and Grill, just a stone's throw from the base, it's pretty easy to bring the conversation around to the Iraq campaign. At first, the four belly-flicked sailors standing by the bar caution that they are not permitted to talk to reporters about the war or politics, but they can't help themselves. "No body can stand up to us," says one, wearing a sleeve-on sleeve tag with "Dare" scrawled on it. "Our navy, our air force, our smart bombs, there's no defense. To tell you the truth, I've learned it took three weeks' prep, meeting to feel the effects of three bad weapons, and to make himself heard on the Georgia Sound blasting from loudspeakers. 'You're behind Bush,' he shouts. "Clinton wouldn't have had the guts to do this." The others nod in agreement. "If the President said, tomorrow we're going after Syria or Korea," says one, "there'd be one per cent in the military that would be against it."

Aravoids from fighting men is hardly a harbinger of the national mood. But there is a growing belief that these days and a serious belief that it can remake the world in its own image. The doves are in retreat, keeping their heads down or reduced to writing columns—like Nicholas D. Kristof in the New York Times last week—trying to explain why all their doves didn't put out. Their writings (and winning the peace will prove more difficult than winning the war,

while likely true, somewhat ring hollow.

Meanwhile, the hawks are flying high. At the White House, spokesman Ari Fleischer almost routinely issues veiled new threats. First on the list was Syria, accused of harboring fleeing Iraq Bush party officials, storing Iraq chemical and biological weapons, and supplying military equipment to its neighbors during the war. But George W. Bush subsequently turned down the list, saying Syria was showing some signs of co-operation. But the message—"Don't mess with us"—had been delivered, and loudly received.

Last week, Iran, an original member of Bush's club of evil, also appeared on Fleischer's radar screen. Responding to reports that Iranian agents had infiltrated Iraq and were stirring up the Shia population to push for a fundamental Islamic state—the mother of all evils inside the administration—Fleischer told reporters that the Iranians had been told to stop. "We have made it clear to Iran," he said, "that we oppose outside interference in Iraq's road to democracy."

So what is the Bush administration up to? The answer may lie in the publications of an increasingly influential group of neo-conservative intellectuals associated with the neo-conservative Project for the New American Century. The Washington-based think tank was founded in 1997 to pursue the goal of dispersing U.S. influence across the globe, through diplomatic means where possible, with military force if necessary. It urged the government to move militarily against Saddam Hussein and its ties to missiles against other rogue states, arguing that as the sole superpower, America has a unique historical opportunity to reshape the world. But more than that, it also has a duty, according to the Project's statement of principles, to "accept responsibility in preserving and extending an international order friendly to our security, our prosperity and our principles."

The Project's globalization agenda might have received little notice if not for the election of Bush in 2000 and the links between the think tank's founders and the adminis-



Bush thumps his chest before a crowd at the United Army Tank Plant in Lima, Ohio

tration. The Project's original members included such right-wing Republican heavy hitters as Dick Cheney, who would become Bush's vice president, Jeb Bush, the President's brother, Donald Rumsfeld, who would become secretary of defense, and Paul Wolfowitz, his deputy, along with a few dozen conservative analysts, political advisers and networkers. Even so, says Thomas Donnelly, a fellow with the ultra-conservative American Enterprise Institute and the principal author of one of the Project's policy papers, "Rebuilding America's Defense Strategy, Forces and Resources for a New Century," it took the Sept. 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon for the group's hard-line agenda to gain focus in Washington. "These people in the Project were inside the administration arguing what they were arguing prior to Sept. 11 and they weren't successful," Donnelly notes. "But 9/11 was a clarifying moment for the Pres-

ident and the National Security Advisor [Condoleezza Rice]."

The Project's agenda—including new visions of Afghanistan and Iraq, and calls for significant increases in defense spending to ensure the U.S. has the capability of winning any major war—is ambitiously bold—has been largely adopted by Bush. But that doesn't mean the U.S. is preparing the groundwork for another Middle East adventure, says Donnelly. "What do you think that we're going to go on to Damascus next?" he asks. Bush doesn't entirely rule it out, either. By invading Iraq, he argues, the U.S. has shown the world what it is prepared to do. "We gave Saddam a gasoline chance to change his ways and he didn't," he says. "So the proposition is out there. If things get worse in Syria, if they continue to support Hezbollah, if they are going to pass on weapons of mass destruction to terrorists, why should we guarantee the continued role of the Assad family?"

This is the so-called "realism" strategy of foreign policy, says Robert Malley, a for-

mer Bill Clinton adviser on Arab-Israeli affairs. Malley, who is currently Middle East program director for the International Crisis Group, a non-partisan public policy institution in Washington, explains that "the idea is you don't go mad, but you play mad to make your enemies nervous about what you might do." It has already borne fruit. Some in the administration believe concern among rogue states that the U.S. has an

ability to effect regime change in one Arab nation, has begun to aid the U.S. in the search for Iraq leaders.

"The problem, outside Malley, is that few as a poor teacher. 'You can achieve a lot through threats and military power, but then it won't be American values we export, it'll be fear of American power.' But Malley does not believe the U.S. is going power mad. Iraq, he says, was a special case where a number of things converged, among them concern about weapons of mass destruction, fear that Saddam could use terrorism, and the desire among neo-conservatives to topple a repressive Arab regime as an object lesson for others. "There may be some in the administration who think Syria should be next, but I don't see the same convergence yet," he says. Still, there is no doubt neo-conservatives are growing louder. Their ability to sway the President on Iraq, and the pangloss mood exemplified by such comas as Norfolk, make the prospect of another U.S.-led war far less dystopian than was the case just a few months ago.

'NOBODY' CAN stand up to us. Our navy, air force, smart bombs, there's no defense. To tell you the truth, I'm surprised it took three weeks.'

nally trigger finger played a role in North Korea's about face in agreeing to last week's negotiations with Washington on its nuclear weapons program. And administration officials say Syria, having watched how

WAITING FOR THE FUTURE

Their schools and hospitals in ruins, Iraqis hope the next generation finds peace

As coconites with Toronto-based War Child Canada, an organization that provides aid to children in war zones, Toronto doctors Samantha Nier and Eric Hodson have made numerous humanitarian trips to Baghdad. During their most recent visit, from April 17 to April 26, they arrived in a city shattered by war. Nier and Hodson, who are married, toured hospitals and schools and found them badly damaged and looted. But many of the doctors and teachers the couple talked to hoped that a lasting peace had finally come to Iraq.

AT 6:00 A.M., five white GMC trucks with the letters "TV" applied out with dust tape on the hood and doors pull up to the Iraqi-Jordanian border. Four journalists and 19 crew, including aid workers, get out. Dressed in matching cargo pants, pocketed vests and crumpled shirts, we shake hands and better introduce ourselves. We don't know each other, having just met at the bakery (the last stop for fresh pita bread) outside Amman, Jordan, at 3 a.m. There, we formed a spontaneous convoy, as a measure of added security for the long, dangerous drive to Baghdad, a route rife with robberies, ambushes and shootings—enough to keep the United Nations and most aid agencies firmly rooted in Jordan.

Representing various nationalities, we proceed together to the Jordanian authorities and present our documents. Initial efforts fail, and we haggle our way up the chain of command to the border chief of police. After three hours of tea and exhaustive explanations, he taps his signature on the stack of passports and announces, "Those of you with press passes can travel to Baghdad. Anyone who is a doctor cannot. You must go back to Amman and get your



Destruction at the Babylon School for Girls (top). Arafat in her sheltered hospital

from the Iraqi embassy." It's irrelevant that there is no official Iraqi embassy in Amman, or that a humanitarian crisis is unfolding. But we refuse to give up, and following a series of announcements (warning for the thick to change and passing off our Outback driver's licenses as green passes), we are finally granted exit stamps.

As the convoy crosses into Iraq, it passes by a stone, more high-pitched of Saddam, with the former leader's face scratched out, hanging above two U.S. marines in a check-

point. They're young, with matted blond hair. They advise us to be careful and we set out on the five-hour drive across the desert to Baghdad. We must move quickly to ensure arrival before sunset. Hours later, as our convoy approaches the capital, it narrowly misses a car blockade that appears to be cover for an ambush. "Al-Hamdu Lillah," shout our drivers—thanks be to God—as they set their sights on the thick, black smoke seeping out from the city walls.

For anyone who has visited or lived in Baghdad, it is at once heartbreaking and compelling to see it now. Burned-out tanks,



"The Salvation Army gave me back my life. And my dignity."

—Bonnie G., Former Prostitute and Heroin Addict

Bonnie Bonner's middle class upbringing, was a childhood damaged by sexual abuse. In her teens, she slid into prostitution and the numbing effects of heroin. Then a Salvation Army Community worker found her. Gradually, she was weaned off the drugs and the street scene. For the first time, she began to think that her life might actually be worth something. Looking back at that time, Bonnie says, "I was a broken, broken soul." Today Bonnie has not only pulled her own life together, she is helping others do the same, as a Salvation Army Community Worker. And while not every story ends this happily, The Salvation Army is saving lives in communities across Canada every single day. But we need your help. Please give what you can afford. And Get Behind The Shield.

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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD

cars and buses litter the streets. Garbage and looted overalls in the city, smoke billows from buildings, homes sit in darkness. Perhaps the only government building that remains intact, with American tanks crunched outside, is the Ministry of Oil. Statues of Saddam lie in ruins—one large bronze of the dictator at the entrance to the city still stands, but is decapitated.

A half-dozen American tanks and a handful of troops block all roads leading to the Palestine and neighborhood Sheraton hotels. These are home to the majority of journalists covering the war. Parts of the roof of the Palestine Hotel are a mess of concrete and steel icicles. At night, residents of this city fall asleep, without water or electricity, in the crackle of gunfire while their stories are transmitted across the world.

As things quickly become clear in Baghdad, the U.S. soldiers are much younger than you expect, and only some actually know where they are. A soldier from Texas asks, "How did I get here?" An explanation about the flight from Toronto apparently was not sufficient, because he still looks gues-



Checking the list of the dead, which continues to grow at Al-Yarmouk Hospital

sured. "No," he repeats, "I mean, how did I get here? We came in tanks." We then explain that we drove from Jordan. "Where in Iraq is Jordan?" he asks.

It's impossible for anyone new to Iraq to truly appreciate what it means to have a conversation with an Iraqi about Saddam. Questions that could not have been asked a few months ago are now quickly discussed. On the way to the Iraq Red Crescent Hospital, not unlike our Beirut, 43, talks about his brother, who was hanged with his driver

for accompanying a foreign photographer to an Najaf, 130 km south of Baghdad. At the hospital, Dr. Jamal, the newly appointed director, proudly holds up a file that he acquired from a friend who had fled through documents in a recently uncovered intelligence office. "This is only one chapter," he says, flipping through the pages. "All of these people reported about me because they were afraid of the regime. Before, I could not name my closest friends, even my own father, my own son."

Now Iraqis will tell you they overappreciated Saddam, but few conceal their contempt for coalition forces. Iraqis worry about American plans for that country's of anti-fundamentalism. "I don't care about Saddam," says Dr. Jamal, "But we will not be like another Afghanistan or Palestine." Resnais agrees. "It is important that the Americans leave as soon as possible."

At a meeting at the Palestine Hotel between aid agencies and the U.S. military, Col. King, the army representative in charge of coordinating the humanitarian response, restates his government's position. "We're

liberators, not occupiers." But aid workers complain about security and the country's shoddy infrastructure. Then an Iraqi doctor comes forward. "I will tell you something very important," he tells King. "Whenever Saddam came into our streets people would cheer. In the same way, when Americans come into our streets, people cheer. But just like we did with Saddam, when you walk away, we say, 'another fucker!'"

It is virtually impossible to know how many civilians died. Hospitals report casualty numbers significant enough to suggest that several thousands were killed or injured in Baghdad alone. At Al-Yarmouk Hospital, a 1,900-bed facility, doctors and nurses are haunted by the faces of those they could not save. Lists of deceased and missing are posted in the hospital's waiting rooms—some names frankly used to save them for the streets of their loved ones.

Dr. Tala Awadin is the director of the facility's neonatal unit. Her ward is in a separate building from the main hospital. There is a fetal monitor of Mickey Mouse above the unit's empty oxygen canisters; the ranch doctor incubates his empty. Awadin was forced to leave when she found herself. And her tiny patients, caught in a covey. She says Iraqi troops ordered her to leave, leaving three premature infants in incubators. Lost on later, she the hospital's security guard

and stopped the words of mothers, babies, blankets, lights, even the cooling fans. By the time she returned, the three infants had died. "Their bodies were decomposing, still in their incubators," she said tearfully. "And the smell, I will never forget it."

The hospital's director, Dr. Basim Basher, puts her arm around Awadin. As they outside each other, Basher turns to her friend and says, "We're only so warm and bodies and we are not touching anything else. It's terrible for us, we are hoping for the next generation now." But the empty incubators are a painful reminder of the three tiny children of a generation lost to war.

Half of Iraq's 24 million residents are under the age of 18 and have grown up knowing only war and uncertainty. Disasters about their futures, many can't even return to school because most have been destroyed, looted or burned. The Babylon School for Girls, which is located down the street from Al Tikrit Children's Hospital, is one of those that was badly damaged. In its courtyard, students have painted murals of

THE SURRENDER OF 'MOST WANTED' NO. 43

Just before the war in Iraq, Tariq Aziz threatened that evading American troops would leave in body bags and that every Iraqi would fight until the last bullet was spent. There was little doubt, however, when the deputy prime minister surrendered to U.S. forces in Baghdad last week. American intelligence has looked at a major coup, but the fact that he was No. 43 on the U.S. list of the 35 most wanted of Saddam's aides may reflect his true value.

The former president's flawless English and mastery of foreign affairs helped make him the most public face of Saddam Hussein's government, but he always seemed uncomfortable with some of the brutal men in the Baath party. In fact, the 61-year-old appeared to have fallen out of favor in recent years, being demoted from foreign minister to deputy PM. Nevertheless, his position in the Iraq regime may prove valuable. The U.S. believes that Saddam's former right-hand man—who had a last spat for free liberty and Cuban agents—will provide them with information about the whereabouts of the deposed leader and his sons. Meanwhile, as American soldiers searched for other Saddam henchmen, say, Bremer, the American administrator of Iraq, said an international



The Americans are hopeful that Aziz can tell them the whereabouts of Saddam

in Iraq government would start to locate this week. Specific plans were lightly guarded, but George W. Bush said he expects democracy to take root, adding that the U.S. would help in building a new government, by and for the Iraqi people. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld clearly stated one certainty about post-war Iraq: A government dominated by hard-line religious forces, he said, "won't go to happen" if the United States can help it.

the Iraq flag, flowers and girls playing. But tanks knocked down the brick wall surrounding the school, and looters interrupted themselves to everything they could carry. The principal, Nisreen Hameed, who has worked at the school for 23 years, now has other concerns. As she walks around the property, she steps over rubble, bullet shells and broken glass. In the schoolyard an unexploded grenade lies in the tall grass. In-

ches! How will the girls go to school? Unexploded ordnance continues to plague Iraq's children. The Al-Fikra Children's Hospital alone continues to see five or six new cases of severe injury from explosions every day. On the day we visit, 11-year-old Hassan Mawer arrives with severe scars to his face and arms. He scratches his arms out in his mother's grip, as the explains that he was working in the garden and accidentally stepped on an explosive. Later, at another meeting with aid agencies, the issue of an exploded ordnance is raised. "Iraq is the largest war-torn area during the war," explains King. "Our teams are doing what they can but it will take time." But Iraq is becoming impatient. Unbacked from Saddam's brutality, they now want the presidency that once only benefited Saddam's followers. Sitting in the house of an Iraqi friend, Dr. Akila, we listen to her own experience of life under Saddam. "The last 33 years were confiscated from me," she says. Akila, like many Iraqis, a boy in his future will not be confiscated as well.

'THEIR BODIES were decomposing, still in their incubators,' she said tearfully. 'And the smell, I will never forget it.'

oil, there is a cache of weapons, bandoliers, rifles, launchers and machine guns—some still in wooden cases with foreign labels. "When I saw what happened, I said," Hameed says, composed. "Who will pay for all of

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BEYOND THE SON AND SAND

In Havana, **BENOIT AUBIN** discovers things are never quite what they appear to be

WE ARE STANDING on Raúl Rivero's tiny balcony, smoking pungent Cuban cigarettes, watching the sea rise over the dilapidated rooftops of El Cerro, a central, working-class neighborhood in Havana. The capital city of Cuba seems very much like the cliché-lad music blown from every window and porch, some distance between potholes and debris, men lean against decrepit, decrepit, European-style façades. Boys play basketball in empty lots where buildings have collapsed, hitting darts-and-tape balls with wooden sticks, and running bases between the famous joggers of Cuba—these particular ones jacked upon blocks, cannibalized for parts, and rusting in place.

"Cubans love Havana," Rivero says in his raspy voice, "and Havana gives it back. It is not cruel to its people." A hefty man, white hair, big punch, he could pass for a retired truck driver—surely he starts talking about his city. "It is noble, old, beautiful, and open. From the heart, the soul and the indelible attitude of the great poet" (Rivero, a poet and journalist, goes on). "But Havana has been hijacked. It has become a sort of dreadful Pyongyang, dead and deserted at night but for a few pockets of fun and festivity reserved for foreigners and the rich. And we have become a nation of servants who sing and dance at tables for them."

Rivero is also a political dissident, openly critical of the Soviet-style Communist regime that Fidel Castro has so craftily kept in place since 1959. "The socialist revolution has been a failure, and everyone knows it, but nobody says so publicly, so we keep pretending," he says. "The regime survives because it is a police state. There is no public opinion here—the government controls the information. And it controls the citizens too, by instilling fear. We are kept

in cages in our homeland, and have been prevented a bright future that keeps being postponed."

As I express surprise at hearing such hard criticism of a political regime known for all-encompassing control, he shrugs. "It is just describing the situation," he explains. "But I feel less pressure now than, say, five years ago. The stronghold the government had over the city is loosening."

Then Rivero adds a statement that seems out of some dystopian prophecy. "But you never leave here. Things in Havana are never quite what they appear to be, never."

Indeed. Since March 19, Raúl Rivero has been a political prisoner. Not long after our encounter, he was arrested and drove to jail. Rivero was part of a group of 78 dissidents, many of them from Havana, charged with sedition and threatening national security, who were rounded up while the rest of the world was looking the other way, at the invasion of Iraq.

The arrests, occurring after the Castro regime had conceded a measure of liberties to citizens, are further examples of the baffling contradictions of this baffling town. It's an Old World city in the New World, has a socialist economy that runs on U.S. dollars, is a tourist haven in a police state, and sells nostalgia to visitors while providing citizens a better future.

This latter sweep against dissidents soon rippled through diplomatic and intellectual circles. At first, though, the street in Havana seemed to take it all in stride. "We have seen that happen before," said a friend who lives here. "Besides, we knew it was coming. The heat had been on for a few

Havanners play dominoes amid the sprawling splendor of the Cuban capital



weeks. First, they cracked down on drugs in nightclubs, then on *punteros* [Havana's famous bohemians], then on all those trying to make private money. It figured that the dissidents would be next." Then, weeks after the rest of the world had learned about it, the news broke in Cuba about the sentences—up to 28 years in jail for the dissidents—following lightning-quick trials. *Havanners* were stunned into subdued silence.

HAVANA IS TOO BEAUTIFUL, too romantic and just too plain cool to look or feel like a cage. The waves of the Atlantic crash and spill over the Malecón, the spectacular, if decrepit, ocean drive, next to fortresses from which rebel cannons have shot at real pirates. The city has the richest heritage of the Spanish colonial era, and vast expanses of smart and ornate buildings, some two or even of different eras of wealth and power. Most of these buildings, however, are now crumbling, many have already collapsed. "You don't see shantytowns here as elsewhere in Latin America," a woman says, "that's because we have turned 19th-century palaces into shanty dwellings."

Other things one does not see in Havana also create a powerful impression. Very little electric light at night, so the stars shine between rooftops. Few major arteries, and very little traffic for a population the size of Moscow. No restaurants, foodline guesswork, few food joints or gourmet stores, and none of the smoked-meat, pastrami towers that make the world look the same from Kuala Lumpur to Istanbul.

Indeed, Havana has the old American can—it's impossible to ignore a sprawling, red-and-brick '58 Ford convertible—and the soundtrack—mambo, salsa, cha-cha and so on. Much of it is long dead folk art for locals, but the music now blares in every café and park, thanks to the planetary success of the Buena Vista Social Club. For tourists, Havana is party, life, romance, and they love it. There would be a fortune in selling posters drawn from the pages of the newspaper coffee-table books currently celebrating the inaccurate, pro-globalization times when Cuba was a humane republic run by American gangsters. But the government doesn't get it, of course, and still you find in corner shops are icons of Che Guevara, the dead hero of a revolution that has now reached retirement age.

Close to two million tourists visit Cuba

annually, mostly from Canada and Europe. Many escape from their all-inclusive resorts in Varadero or Cayo Largo for only a day or two in Havana, so they can be accused for believing that their salsa-dancing, cigar-smoking, rum-soaked, retro-cool good time was a real thing. Having to live a bit longer, though, surely, too, without *Quemaduras* played once too often, your gaze will meet that of a Cuban who will tell you, silently welcome to Havana, citizens, where real life is not what it appears to be.

In their day-to-day existence, *Habermas* don't smoke foot-long, US\$10 *Cubitos* cigars and don't drink potent rum-and-mint mojitos in celebration of Ernest Hemingway. Instead, they smoke cheap, strong *Viceroy* cigarettes, drink straight brown rum, no mixer, and listen to kitschy Latino pop on Miami radio. And mostly they spend their days hatching plans to lay their hands on dollars—real, post-revolutionary, controlled *yunque dólares*.

The collapse of the Soviet empire a decade ago left Cuba's economy in dire straits. Castro's response was to ignore the development of joint ventures with foreign capitalists. The plan is simple: only the state has the right to play the capitalist game. Cuba deals with investors, developers or visitors at an artificially inflated exchange rate of one peso equalling US\$1. But for ordinary Cubans, the rate is 25 pesos to the dollar. Cuban nationals and foreigners live side by side, but are not to mingle. "Only on the highway are US\$1 for everyone, two pesos—eight cents—for locals. Admission to the Museum of the Revolution—the palace used by former dictator Fulgencio Batista—is US\$1 for me, four pesos (16 cents) for my friend. The few Cubans who could afford to sneak into hotels are not allowed to do so. Foreigners are forbidden to frequent the so-called *peso bars*, restaurants, or to hire the janky taxis reserved for locals. Most wouldn't anyway.

But one part of this system went away. In 1993, the government made it legal for ordinary Cubans to hold US\$1 dollars—even though they are not allowed to earn them. The response was an instant black market. Laying their hands on dollars has become a lucrative business, almost a national sport, says a French diplomat. "They can be very clever at it."

THEY MAY BE CLEVER, but they're not crooks. At least that's what my new buddies, Peter and Ernie, tell me so we drink



Tourists might enjoy Havana's retro-cool, but locals see a different side of the city

expressos and rum in a *peso bar*. (Their real names are Peter and Ernie, but it's cool to sport an English name in Havana.) "We are not criminals," says Peter. "Everywhere else, ours would be considered normal business. You just can't find your family otherwise." Adds Ernie, "We have a saying here: he who steals from a thief gets 100 years of jail time." I am not sure what line of business they're in, but they tell me how Cuba's underground economy works. "Simple: things fall off the truck," says Ernie. "The rat can be had *per la rapadura*—through the left hand."

Cubans are always stealing from their employer, who almost always the state. Bags of cement, rice, coffee, bags of rum, cooking oil, steak or lobster (reserved for tourists) fall off the truck and are resold on the street. The "left hand" provides by diverting services from their actual purpose. A driver filling up his truck will also fill an extra jerry can on his employer's credit card. Cabbies who pick you up on the fly don't start the meter, pre-

viate conspicuously. The teacher calling in sick to serve as interpreter for foreigners, the cop who looks away while the *plowman* works the bar's is supposed to watch, the housemaid in a foreigner's household. Customers offend who don't inspect the bags of visiting Miami Cubans, knowing they could carry forbidden items like computers, books or satellite dish or *Clatskanie* beer, restaurants, rooms by the hour or day, tourist "guides" (bookers—all are doing booming, illegal business in hard currency). "Black market" does not have the same negative connotations we give it back home," says one Canadian living in Havana. "In Toronto, we think drugs or hot secrets, but here, someone says, 'just wanna buy porn'?"

One foreign businessman lives in a splendid villa in the posh neighbourhood of Miramar, which he sublets for \$3,000 a month. The owner lives in two rooms above the garage—the two rooms he officially declares that he sublets. "The villa is crumbling, like everything else here, and my landlord is a millionaire," the owner says. "But he can't fix the house, because, damn, he'd be caught and it would be expropriated. My house is

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the perfect illustration of all that has gone wrong with the Cuban economy."

By most accounts, half of Havana's population has a sideline in dollars. Local and external sources estimate that Cuba's dollar economy—including remittances from exiled relatives—ranks with tourism and sugar at the top of Cuba's currency earners.

Because money fuels individualism—and that's anti-revolutionary and sedition in Cuba's official books—many say the introduction of the dollar marked the beginning of the end of the Castro regime. Oscar Espinosa Chepe, an economist and dissident, told me before he, too, was arrested in the March roundup, that so-called dollarization has divided Cubans into haves and have-nots. "If you are an honest party member, you are poor," he says. "If you have an uncle in Miami, or take your clothes off for tourists, you are rich. That is quite removed from the initial, revolutionary ideal."

A maid, a whore, a potato smuggler are much richer than a teacher paid 400 pesos—US\$16—a month. Back to Peter and Ernie, the black marketeers Peter used to teach Russian—not a hot subject nowadays—and Ernie was a technician. Cuba's self-congratulatory education system has produced tens of thousands of technically skilled workers who have been let out into the alternate economy, engineers driving taxis or waiting on tables or selling sewing machines for dollars. "Nobody believes anymore," says Pedro, "but we all pretend we still do." That would explain why nothing is ever what it appears to be here. Adds Ernesto: "We have been promised a changing future for too long. Now we are just longing for The Change."

In Havana, no one ever mentions the name of Castro in public, and nobody says he wishes the president would die. Instead, people usually refer to missing for The Change—and it is understood that The Change will not happen until the *Lider Maximo*, now 76, joins Lenin, Stalin and Che, wherever they may now be.

How does one bring about change in a self-proclaimed revolutionary, but totalitarian, regime? "We go about it by peaceful means," answers Oswaldo Paya, currently the most famous of Cuban dissidents—who helps explain why he was spared in the March sweep. "The first way is to shake our fear, and demand the recognition of our basic human rights." Paya is the leader of the Varela Project, a petition drive making the



Almost half the population, like the previous slaves, earn dollars on the black market

round in Cuba, demanding the return of such basic rights as freedom of movement, freedom of the press, and free elections. Despite a blackout in the Cuban media and systematic police obstruction, the petition has made progress all over the island. "We know the majority of citizens secretly want change," Paya says. "Now, thousands have removed their names, and have signed their names on a public document."

Paya made these comments during an interview days before the March sweep. Now, most of his supporters pushing the Varela petition are behind bars.

Change, Paya had added, will come about without social disruption only if it happens alongside a process of national reconciliation. "Remember," he says, "that each Cuban family has one member in the Communist party and one in exile, one black marketeer and one dissident or political prisoner."

Reconciliation has become the keyword now, and signs of it have started coming from an unexpected source: the angry and

influential community of exiles in Florida. Opinion polls there this winter suggested that, for the first time, a majority of Cuban-Americans think Cubans should be trusted to sort out their future alone, rather than according to the Martians. According to many Cuban dissidents, Fidel Castro who wants to see the U.S. economic embargo of Cuba maintained. "The embargo was a mistake by the Americans," said Chepe. "It has become Castro's alibi to justify the repression, and his son name: Fidel. Fidel loves the embargo."

Before the arrest, many exiles and diplomats familiar with Cuba said that the promise of a slow and peaceful transition to a sort of state-run capitalism, in a more open democracy, was being upgraded from mere objective to dinner possibility. Many were betting on it, investing the time and energy to establish networks and power bases that will be ready to kick into action when Cuban reformers Spanish Earth. But the sweep of the dissidents has put a damper on their hopes—not much business is happening at the moment, they say.

"The Change will have to take place first."



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DODGING THE GREENBACK

What happens when the lowly loon finally outflies the mighty eagle?

IT WAS A WEEK of the Weir and the won-derful: a Canadian married the Masters and Canadians actually heard some business-people saying the loonie's strength had become a problem. Believe it. After that double-long day from 89 cents to 62, the loonie has rebounded and it just so happens it's at the national currency infirmary complex in Bay.

The loonie's plunge began in 1992, when Canada suffered from a weak competitive position and growing government deficits—the effects of the nation's four addictions: to big government, big spending, big deficits and big taxes. The cure could come only from years of commitment to a three-pronged policy—free trade, budget restraint, and the GST. Problem, before his election in 1993, Jean Chrétien had started saying he'd turn up the free-trade agreement and scrap the GST, and the Liberals hadn't even dared to increase income tax deficits.

In France, Paul Martin was said to be initially agnostic on these plodgers, but he kept on his display David Dodge, a true believer in the three policy pillars. That year kept Canada on the road away from competing promises and toward recovery for its monetary and—eventually—the dollar. Dodge had a plaque on his door: "Due to current financial constraints, the light at the end of the tunnel will remain off until further notice." During his tenure, Liberal policies were progressively painful. That the government held the course during years of difficult markets may have been due to Chrétien's having been terrified by talk of an IMF bailout for "the poor of the North."

Along one branch takes today's situation and his choices of getting good jobs offers dependency both his good management and some good luck. The loonies loomed continued to live even after Ottawa went into surplus and Canadian trade picture turned from merely positive to powerful. Dodge took on a new post as governor of the Bank of Canada, and the loonie kept driving. Liberal heads bowed when that "it isn't

fair that we suffer and the markets don't reward us." Why a weak loonie when Canada was running big fiscal and current account surpluses, while the currency used by those damned Americans was soaring, despite huge fiscal and current account deficits? That's when various leading Canadians threw in the towel, proposing that Canada scrap the "doomed" loon and adopt the American dollar. If your sense of value goes awry, why not mimic the Indians? They acquired the respectability of the Deutschmark by becoming part of a currency union headed by hard-money lions. People stopped seeing it as their "spaghetti money."

"Dollarization" evoked made numerous converts, but most of us deemed the idea at best a distraction, and at worst a threat to U.S.-Canada relations. It was so-

und the weeping and wailing, the loon stopped falling and began rising. One reason has been Dodge's audacious policy of increasing interest rates when central banks across the world, led by the Fed, are easing them. Newly donned as signal of determination not to return to 1970s-style stagflation, he has shown the world that Canada has an independent monetary policy—the biggest reason for having one's own currency.

But the major reason is that the loonie's lack turned last year. It was caused by being measured against the world's leading currency that, for a variety of reasons (mostly technical), moved from mild overvaluation in 1995 to hypervaluation in 2001—almost the currency equivalent of Nisqually. The greenback bull market finally ended in 2002, and a major bear market began. All major currencies that trade freely are now in bull markets against the U.S. dollar, which bleeds from a trade deficit of roughly US\$2 billion per working day.

Now that most Canadians breathe sighs of relief, some party pooper/Canadian-business people are complaining about the loonie's comeback. First to fire are resource companies, with products priced in U.S. dollars. But auto parts manufacturers worry they could lose their biggest competitive advantage. Should I therefore abandon my longstanding claim that Canadian stocks are, on average, better value than U.S. stocks for Canadians and for global investors?

No. When a nation's currency strengthens, profits of export companies are enlarged, but price-earnings ratios (a major factor company's stock price). Domestic investors lose more money as buyers, but the global investor bull market comes from abroad. Global investors think currency rises, earnings are good. They downgrade shares denominated in weak currencies, and upgrade shares of strong currency companies. When the yen soared in the 1980s, Japanese price-to-book the dollar bull market was a big reason U.S. plus more than doubled during the 1990s.

Permanently Canadian, the loonie bull market is a good news. But don't expect exports to increase when the loonie rises through 70 cents. They're going to have to grow their profits the old-fashioned way—by strong competitiveness, not weak currency. ■

Donald Gosse is chairman of Invest Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments. donald@williams.com

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GAY AND READY TO MARRY

Isn't legal sanction for same-sex unions a fundamental right?

"**SEE WHAT** an Indian wedding has to be!" My mom is pointing at a photo of herself and my dad taken on July 17, 1963. I'm sitting at the kitchen table with her, my mom, and my boyfriend, Fadi. My dad has retired in the family room, on keeping with his post-dinner ritual. From time to time we can hear a muffled voice escape him. He's obviously fallen asleep watching CNN again. It takes us a juggle.

Now that Fadi and I are well into our relationship, I have the courage to bring out our oldest photo album so that I can give him a peek into my family's past. As we enjoy our chutney, I get a look-out of something Murrary-esque, that's what I tell myself through the pages of images that in New Delhi 40 years ago. As Fadi examines each photo, Murrary leans in toward him to explain the elaborate Hindu rituals taking place the day she and my dad shared his life together. Each shot glitters with the fabric of love and the twinkling of gold jewelry.

My parents have a uniquely new yet regal look in these photos that is, in essence, striking. They seem almost surprised at their life—yet it's clear they were bound to reach the final point of two families coming together. It's unclear how Fadi and I—two gay individuals, respectively—would blend further into what continues this sacred tradition if and when our day comes.

Regardless of what we choose, whether our marriage-to-come will be recognized under Canadian law depends on what the courts and government decide in the next few years. Across the country, gay men and women are seeking recognition of their right to marry. Recent rulings in the three most populous provinces, Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia, have found that the exclusion of same-sex couples from marriage violates the equality rights section of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, although the B.C. judge held that the discrimination was justified.

Last week, federal lawyers asked the Ontario Court of Appeal to overturn the decision in that province. But Ottawa was also exploring other approaches. Federal Justice Minister Martin Cauchon has presented his cabinet colleagues with a range of options to deal with the issue. Three ministers—Alan Rock, J.R. Graham and Sheila Copps—have publicly supported same-sex marriage legislation. But in the absence of cabinet consensus, the minister has gone to a Parliamentary committee for study—an age-old delay tactic to move issues off the front burner. The committee began its public session in Ottawa on Jan. 28, hearing depositions from groups in favour of and opposed to same-sex marriage legislation. They came town-hall style hearings across the country—Vancouver, Halifax, Lethbridge, Toronto,

rather than a top-down decree. In any, that hope sounds nice of the way I saw Murrary, on that visit home, gently putting Fadi's back as she eagerly turned a page to another set of images. I had a lump the size of a golf ball rising in my throat. The next I brought a gay home for her to meet, she had to excuse herself momentarily as she tried to hide the water pooling up in her eyes. Drama queen. But there she sat this time, showing her potential son-in-law her cherished photos, easily throwing around the term "best"—at me—when talking to him.

While Fadi may have won Murrary's approval, we don't hold our breath waiting for the federal government's. Asked his opinion on the matter in a recent media session, Jean Chrétien wouldn't say. "We want to have a committee to consult Canadians and experts on the matter," he said. "I want to listen, it's not for me to tell you what I think before I listen."

But are you really listening, Mr. Chrétien? Not that equality rights should be subject to a popularity contest, but even if they were, it's clear that public support for same-sex marriage legislation is growing. In last year's March's year-end poll, 49 per cent of respondents said you when asked if gay marriages should be legally recognized, while 46 per cent were opposed. Sure, that's a close call—but when you consider that the number of supporters was highest among people under the age of 40 (66 per cent in favour), you can see that a wave of support is building.

Marriage is a basic right in any civil society, a fundamental mark of citizenship. Without turning to complex legal arguments, there is an intuitive method of grasping this point. What would be more obvious to people who believe in the institution of marriage who to be denied a vote in the next federal election or to no longer have legal attachment to their wife or husband? Not a close call.

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When such a basic right is involved, the burden of proof should be with those who want to deny it to a small minority of citizens, not with those who seek to exercise it. So far, the opposite has been the case—both in our courts and in Parliamentary hearings. I was horrified to read the minutes of the Feb. 11 appearance of Ron Carley, "Christian Family Life chair" at St. Ignace Roman Catholic Church in Ottawa. "We reject marriage to be more inclusive of homosexuals," said Carley, "to create a new coalition in which homosexuality is not morally tolerated but is normalized and morally banished." I was horrified to read the minutes of the Feb. 11 appearance of Ron Carley, "Chris-

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There is a very simple argument for same-sex marriage. It's good for gays and lesbians. It provides role models for young people who, after the trauma of coming out, can easily lapse into short-term relationships and insecurity without a tangible goal in sight. I would guess that those of us who would choose to embrace with a goal—with all the responsibilities it entails—would do so with more commitment than straight people. That's because we recognize that we are pioneers, and in such as the standard bearers for a new idea. Legal same-sex marriage could also help bridge the rift between gays and their parents, it could bring the essence of gay life—a gay couple—into the heart of the traditional straight family in a way the family can most understand.

The only gay laws and customs will achieve equal status in Canada and we've given the right to marry. It's the only one of four options tabled by the public ministry that is fair and just. The others are: maintaining the status quo by legalizing the "opposition" definition of marriage, ensuring that definition while introducing separate partnerships or civil unions for same-sex couples, or leaving marriage to religious, effectively abolishing it as a legally recognized civil institution.

Creating a second class of marriage only perpetuates our second-class citizen status. Legalizing marriage up to individual religions would infuriate for too many Canadians. And most provinces and territories have already begun the process of legalizing same-sex partnerships benefits and civil unions. So unless the process of moving toward fairness will simply not be accepted by most Canadians, straight or gay. It's already clear how the future of same-sex marriage in Canada will unfold. What remains to be seen is what side of efficiency the government will find itself on.

In the meantime, back at my house, my sister gets up from the table and puts her hand on my knee. "More chutney," she says. "For now." Fadi and I will need our energy for the road ahead.

Suneel Khanna is a manager at public relations for Westcoast.

'I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF COACHING'

Hockey's winningest bench boss never told his players how good they were

IT ISN'T JUST the Detroit Red Wings who are nostalgically missing from the Stanley Cup playoffs these days. Scotty Bowman is absent, too. After the Wings captured their sixth Stanley Cup, the winningest coach in hockey history stunned everyone by retiring. He had just won his ninth Cup, eclipsing Toe Blake's all-time coaching record of eight, with what some regarded as old-fashioned methods. Players accused him of being over-protective, remote and practical—and those were their kind comments. The only way to get along with the magnetic coach, Detroit captain Steve Yzerman once said, was to "show up, work hard, keep your mouth shut and play well defensively." That's what most of Bowman's players did, and they have all those Stanley Cup rings to show for it.

He's not behind the bench, but Bowman, 68, isn't out of hockey. As he explained to *Maclean's* Assistant Managing Editor James Dawson, he still has a hand in the game.

First things first: what was your reaction to Anaheim's upset of Detroit in the first round?
Well it's tough to take. I can tell you. And people up in Detroit have very high expectations, if they should. That's been a good manufacturing time and day-and-a-practice-on. But these things happen—it's hockey.

It was pretty much the same team that won last year.

Yeah, but last year we had a big lead and we got a rest after one of our older players toward the end of the season. This year they had to battle right to the end of the regular season. They looked a little tired.

What finally convinced you you'd had enough?
It was nothing like in particular. For the last maybe five years, I was thinking about what I would do if I wasn't going to coach. Then last year, during the Olympic break, I went to Disney World with my family, just had a nice five or six days, and that's when I came up my mind. But I didn't want to be a distraction for the team, and I didn't

want any kind of a media circus, so I didn't say it to anybody. I just kind of filed it away in my mind. And it was good to leave on a winning note.

Do you miss the rhythm of hockey life?

You are on a schedule in hockey, there's for sure, and I often wondered if there'll be days when I'll be asking, "What am I going to do today?" But I've been pretty busy, going to a lot of dinners, doing a lot of television, travelling quite a bit. I have two sons in Chicago, a daughter in New York City and another daughter in Augusta, Ga. And I have two grandchildren. I like golf but I'm not a guy who's going to play more than twice a week. I've still got a hobby, a couple of old cars that I work on, and I took one of my older ones down to our place in Florida and left that. So I kind of got around with that, and this winter I got to a lot of games in town—I have a place an hour from Tampa, so I saw the Lightning play about a dozen games this year.

You didn't exactly quit cold turkey.

I do some consulting work with the Red Wings. It's a difficult capacity, but that's been the most responsible part of retirement. I think it would be more difficult—much more difficult—for me if I wasn't involved with a team, if I had just retired from hockey. And if my schedule is loose, it's my own fault.

You started coaching a junior B team at 18, right after you finished playing junior hockey in Montreal. What prompted you to go behind the bench that soon?

When I was growing up, the most enjoyable months were December, January, February, part of March, when we had outside rinks. I like the summer, and I played outside sports, but I had a passion for hockey. I always thought I was going to be a hockey player, and then all of a sudden my dreams were crushed. I couldn't play any more, I couldn't make it. I wanted to get into

hockey so badly that when I got my first full-time coaching job in '36 with Ottawa [junior], I never, ever considered it a job. I just enjoyed doing it.

You had some remarkable role models.

When I played junior in Montreal, the coach was Sam Pollock, who went on to become a big executive with the Canadiens. I worked very closely with him from 1956 to 1966, so I had a decade of being able to see what he did. He was the guy who said, "Here's a job for you. You should go to Peterborough." I went to Peterborough [to coach the Peewees] in '56, came back in '61. He said, "Now here's a job as a scout." And when I coached the Junior Canadiens in Montreal in the mid-'60s, Toe Blake was the coach of the Canadiens, so I was able to get to know Toe at that time. And when I came back to coach Montreal in 1971, I was sort of doing what I'm doing now. He was with the team, they used to bring him in during the playoffs, and I really looked forward to the times I could speak with him. So I would say Sam Pollock and Toe Blake were the two people

You towns had great leaders—Bob Galley and Scott Semak in Montreal, Mario Lemieux in Pittsburgh and Steve Yzerman in Detroit, to name a few. Were those other distributions that contributed to some Stanley Cups?

The good teams had players a lot of character. Their leadership came from their ability to perform. We generally had excellent goaltending, too, which is probably the number 1 factor in any winning hockey team. And then the owners of these teams were all very committed to excellence. The players get a feeling when it's flying down to them, that it's all for one, and for all.

You pushed players hard and weren't always popular in the dressing room. Are these players with whom you once became friends? Yeah. Doing the job, you never have the urge or opportunity to tell them how good



they really are, you know? But you know, I see some of them in different functions, and we can always look back and enjoy what really happened.

What concerns you about the game today?

It's different now because the playing field isn't level. It's tough in the Canadian teams with the exception of Toronto. And there are some markets in the States that are just trying to get through the next year or two, hoping for better days. But there's only a year to go on the collective agreement with the players, so nobody knows what the future holds.

How did it feel last spring, on the ice with the

Cup, knowing you could walk away from the Wings a winner?

That's what I was looking forward to more than anything. It was great. I didn't want a farewell tour or anything like that, and it's better for the team this way. They know it's over and they can get on with it. And I could really enjoy the ride off into the sunset more than if I was undisciplined.

A senior league official recently told me he thought you could be talked out of retirement. Would you ever coach again?

No. I'd be sitting up and what I've done and where I'm going. Maybe I'll work with the Red Wings... But I've been fortunate—I struck a very good contract to be a consultant for

three years, and really, if I was going to coach anywhere I would have stayed in Detroit. But I've had enough of coaching. I've got things on the horizon that I can do without. When I enjoy the more is that I don't have a day to day routine. And yet I've kept busy

When you watch Red Wings games on TV at home, are you looking them down like coaches always do? And do you hold on the screen sometimes?

I'll analyze the games that way. That's kind of hard on you. But I think I know going out that we had a good team in Detroit, so I didn't feel any pangs. I didn't have that second-guessing thing, that I was leaving a team that wasn't in good shape.

THE NEW VIEW FROM TV LAND

A survey charts a shifting home-entertainment future

ORIENT LESSARD, a 19-year-old with an angelic face and dreadlocks dyed jet black, recently made a copy of the 50th anniversary edition of *The Wizard of Oz*—for himself. No, he's not oggissing. The version he downloaded, billed as "a legend" on the Internet, replaces the movie's original soundtrack and dialogue with Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. *Afficionados* say the music eerily matches transitions between scenes. While young people across North America are "living up" at independent movie theaters to watch the show, Lessard found it at the click of a computer mouse on Kazaa, an Internet file-sharing service that allows users to share movies, videos and TV shows, and then download it off a clone called Kazaa-Lite. Both are rip-off services and, like Napster a few years ago, are confounding the glut of content-creator lawsuits.

They and similar services are getting a fair amount of Canadian traffic. According to a poll conducted for the Canadian Cable Television Association and shared exclusively with *Maclean's*, Canadians are tapping into a galaxy of gadgets to organize their home entertainment in new ways. The CCA's poll, which surveyed 1,500 Canadians aged 15 and up about which technological appliances they have at home and how they use them, reveals a marketplace in transition. As new technologies are introduced, people's habits are changing.

And, not surprisingly, younger Canadians are driving the converging trends in en-

tertainment. They are the quickest to take on the new stuff, and are the most mobile around it. There's more electronic equipment—from PCs to CDs to DVDs—in homes with 15- to 19-year-olds than in any others. A full 98 per cent of their residences have CD players, and 89 per cent have PCs. In a list that ranges from the PC to the digital still camera, households with teens score the highest on each item, with one exception: dial-up Internet service. At 23 per cent, teens' homes lag behind those of their parents, 29 per cent of whom have dial-up. But potentially, that "digital divide" houses more than others have the reverse, high-speed Internet connection.

While the couch potato lives on—and will survive long past the last power-chip—Canadians are using new technology to get what they want, when they want it. Remember the not-so-long-ago era when whole families would sit down to Disney on Sunday nights at 7? Gone. Dr. Seuss down with a ruck and your honey at 9 p.m. on Wednesday for *The Wicker Man*? Finished. Sure, it's still on TV, but Canadians don't want to do it that way any more. Rather than bet on a pre-set schedule, Canadians are customizing their entertainment. "Consumers are really embracing new technology," says Janet Hill, president of the CCA. "They are willing to spend the money to adapt it. And, they

Lessard admits that, by downloading videos, he's "really, really cheating the system."



HOW THEY COMPILED THE RESEARCH

The poll was conducted by The Strategic Counsel for the Canadian Cable Television Association from March 24 to April 3, 2003; interviewers contacted a random sample of 1,500 Canadians, aged 15 and up, and representative in provincial populations. The margin of error is 2.5 percentage points, 15 times out of 20.

are adopting it at interesting numbers."

Paul Marsden, a 30-year-old Calgary and the regional manager of a mobile DJ company, has created what he calls his "dream room" in the basement of his parents' home. He's got a DVD player, a receiver, a 25-CD player, a digital audio tape player, a digital cable box and a 46-inch TV that he intends to replace soon with a projector and a seven-by-nine-foot screen. When asked how much it all cost, he replies that he's never added it all up. But then, why taking into account the couches, a desk and a computer—and noting "it's might be a little depressing for me"—he guesses \$10,000. Marsden watches mostly news on TV. But this room is primarily for movies. He rents out, mainly, buys them in the form of DVDs. Marsden, who uses the Internet for e-mail, news and work-related research, is in the minority of his age group for the attention he bestows on his television set.

Among Canadians with Internet connections, a third say their personal use of the Internet is more important than TV. Among 15- to 19-year-olds, that number jumps to 56 per cent. Like Lessard, more and more Canadians of all ages are using the Internet to watch video—almost one-quarter of households with Internet connections. When the terms are asked, three out of five say they watch video on their computers.

To make his copy of *The Wizard of Oz*, Lessard went to Kinetik, the which, besides clips off the original rip-off service and allows users to avoid the "annoying pop-ups," as Lessard refers to them. There's another twist: Kinetik has a points system that works much like an airline card: the more you offer your own film to be shared, the more points you gain. The more points, the better the service: a user with the most points jumps to the head of a queue to down-



Marsden takes the minority view that using U.S.-based satellite services is stealing.

load an item. But Lessard, who says "I like everything on the Internet, there's a way around it," has software called Kinetik that automatically gives him the sum of 1,000 points. When Lessard is doing a not simply cheating, he says—"It's really, really cheating the system."

It's also easy and quick. Lessard says he can find any episode of any TV show, download it, prepare the popcorn and be ready to watch it, usually commercial-free, in 20 minutes. For all of those reasons, and "because

the computer screen is flawless," Lessard prefers the Internet to TV. There's more to "fool around with." He can fast forward a show, just with a click and a drag. "It's more convenient," he says.

Internet access at home, once the almost exclusive domain of the TV set, is no longer a passive affair, points out Dean MacDonell, chief operating officer of Rogers Cable Inc., the country's largest cable provider (whose parent company, Rogers Communications Inc., also owns Maclean's). "Because the Internet is so pervasive, so ubiquitous in its reach, it is changing the way people access entertainment. It is a sea

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FOR THE YOUNG, THE INTERNET IS THE FIRST CHOICE



TEENS HAVE THE HARDWARE ...

Personal computers at home



... THE FAST CONNECTION ...

High-speed Internet service



... AND, MORE THAN ANYONE, THEY SAY THE INTERNET IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN TV*



*BASED ON DATA FROM INTERNET SURVEY

ON NEWSSTANDS MAY 5, 2003.

MACLEAN'S

Canada. In depth.

ROGERS

change in terms of what is happening."

The sea change is being experienced not only in data and living rooms across the country. It will also have a profound impact on the way broadcasters and cable companies do business. The revolution isn't only cellular, McDonald's products, or younger people and consumers increasingly embrace the Internet. "To think that we'll be able to wrap our arms around that and control it is silly," he says. "The thing we can do is adapt. Our industry is going to change in terms of how people use it. In fact, we'd be well advised to make sure we change. It's good business to give your customers what they want. It's not rocket science."

The key for cable companies and broadcasters, according to analyst Mark Quigley, is to understand the new demands, and learn how to make money from them. The Canadian research director for Yankee Group Inc. says this country's cable companies are well-positioned because almost three quarters of homes are already cable subscribers. On top of that, almost two million of them are high-speed Internet subscribers. "The broadcasters are beginning to catch on, too," he says. Shows such as *American Idol*, which invites viewers to cast votes on a lineup of wannabe stars, encourage people to use the Internet. "The convergence model has seen a lot of bad press in recent months," Quigley says, "but at the end of the day, it will prove itself as the next logical step."

Quigley notes that cable companies are expanding the way of products available to customers. Video on demand, which allows consumers to "check out" movies and special programming for a given period, is already available in Toronto, from Rogers, and in some Western cities, from Shaw Communications Inc., the country's second largest cable provider. Other special features on pay



"People don't see music and video content as property," says Yale, "like jeans or candy."

will include interactive TV—which would provide e-mail and limited Internet surfing—and enhanced TV, which will allow viewers to probe a little deeper into a broadcast and, for example, replay a hockey goal. "From a technology point of view, we've well passed," says McDonald. "If I had to wear a jersey," he concludes, "I'd want the cable jersey on right now, no question."

For cable companies and broadcasters, the present stumbling block will be the ease with which consumers can get program-

ming for free—and the widespread sense that it's OK to take it. Only 35 per cent of poll respondents say using U.S.-based satellite services, which is illegal, is stealing—and that's across all age groups. Among 15- to 19-year-olds, only about one in five say it's stealing. "People don't see music and video content as property, like jeans or candy," says Yale. "That is worrisome."

But for Lessard, there are no worries. "I leave it to a selfish, consumerish view, but I've never struggled with the moral question," he says. "I don't really think much about the fat cats in Hollywood." Mendes agrees. He's watched the music industry

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Age	%
Total	31.8%
15-19	23.1%
20-29	7.8%
30-39	9.8%
40-49	36.1%
50+	7.8%

... LOVE TO WATCH VIDEO...
Use personal computers to watch video

Age	%
Total	27.3%
15-19	6.2%
20-29	29.1%
30-39	21.1%
40-49	18.1%
50+	16.1%

... AND BURN IT ONTO DVD'S**
Use personal computers to copy video from the Internet onto DVD's

Age	%
Total	31.1%
15-19	25.1%
20-29	13.1%
30-39	11.1%
40-49	9.1%
50+	5.1%

**BASED ON DATA FROM A POLLSURVEY CONDUCTED BY GALLUP

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struggle with pirating. While he doesn't think the impact on broadcasting will be as harsh, he still contends it's wrong to use black market satellite services. "It's like asking if it's wrong to shoplift. We know it's."

Dale (not his real name) is a 33-year-old Toronto-area resident who watches about two hours of TV with his wife most evenings. Often, they catch a pay-per-view movie, except they get it for free using a dish that captures programs created by a U.S.-based DirectTV satellite. Harvey, who works in a network technician for an international service company, has a small unit attached to his home computer that he uses to program his satellite card. The script needed to make the card function can be bought—and at first Harvey paid US\$35 a year for access to the codes, but now he's figured out how to program his card on his own, so apart from the initial \$300 cost of buying the hardware, Harvey receives his programming for free. But for him, cost is not the issue. "You have two choices in Canada: first Choice or Bell ExpressVu," he says. "Their lineup are largely Canadian, which is great, but they are not the shows I want to see. I look at it this way: technically, I can't pay for it. So when I'm flipping off?" His wife knows what they're doing is not legal. "I consider it stealing," she says. "But do I feel bad about it?"

Not only do a majority of Canadians say using a black market satellite is actually stealing, but close to half (46 per cent) say they are very comfortable going around the system to get programming and entertainment they want. When young people—the mid-20s, aged 15 to 19—are asked, the number jumps to 62 per cent. And among all age groups, 56 per cent say using a U.S.-based satellite service makes sense if it provides the variety and types of programming they want. "We are seeing an attitudinal



More than half of connected teens say the Internet is more important to them than TV

shift," says Chris Kelly, a partner of The Strategic Counsel, the research firm that conducted the poll. Access technology becomes available, and puts more programming within easy reach of Canadians, attitudes are changing, he says. "Not only one-third of Canadians consider using a U.S.-based satellite service to be stealing is surprising, but not shocking," he adds. However, "it demonstrates the scope of the challenge for industry."

While Canadians don't want access to international fare restricted, they do want programming from a Canadian perspective. Sixty five per cent of those polled said accessing competition from non-Canadian sources will foster better quality Canadian programs, while 45 per cent said increased service will prompt even if means some Canadian channels will no longer be available. "There's some understanding," Kelly says, "but if you open it all, there's a risk you'll injure our Canadian services. It's a really fine line for a regulator. How do you maintain the Canadian content, which everyone agrees is valuable and important, and at the

same time make everything available? This is something that needs to be thought about in public policy terms."

But regulatory issues will be academic if the real challenge—the illegal programming flowing, uncontested, into Canadians' homes—is ignored. Industry players have banded together to lobby enforcement agencies to crack down. They will soon relaunch an ad campaign against pirating. But, as Yalc says, "How can you compete with free? You can't. And it's causing a significant membership of Canadian consumers." For MacDonald, it's an awkward issue. "At some point, this has to become personal for everybody. Look at stealing. It was socially acceptable. What happens? We have to put this in the same category."

Joey (not his real name), a 19-year-old York University history student, says he's been downloading videos on his PC "for years." Usually he copies TV shows like *The Simpsons* or *Family Guy*. Often, he says, they are commercial free. He even got a controversial episode of *Family Guy*, about Jewish stereotypes, that never aired on TV. He says he knows many people with illegal satellite dishes—and often watches international soccer games with them. "Bloodgunning has been around forever," Yargy says. "It will be a lot harder to change attitudes about this than about smoking."

What does all of this mean for the television sector? Is it a disaster? Not really, says Kelly. He predicts the TV will continue to be the hub of a family's home entertainment. But Canadians will use it differently—instead of plunking down to see what's on, they'll pick their shows from a broader spectrum of choice—and watch the TV when they want. So, how about a family Disney broadcast on Monday morning, and *The Wire* every odd time of the week? □

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CORRECTING A LITERARY DEFICIENCY

How the judges in CBC Radio's second *Canada Reads* contest chose a toughie

THE PRINCIPAL CHAIR of CBC Radio's inaugural *Canada Reads* contest last year was how it shed light on the notoriously crumbly world of literary prizes. Listeners already had an answer to the oft-asked question: how on earth did they pick that book? Over the course of that half-hour program in April, an admittedly inept literary pay-former prize winner, Kim Campbell, illustrated Ladies from across Brown Page and actor Megan Follows joined writers Lynn Brookes and Nalo Hopwood—viewers a field of five Canadians works down to one single book that Canada should read.” With a modest prize attached, it was all good, then fan and Page’s winning pick, *In the Skin of a Lion* by Michael Ondaatje, went on to sell 90,000 copies in 2002, an unexpected bonus for publisher Viking Canada.

The year’s lineup began in January with moderate best-sellerish greeting the judges, as ready as any other last year’s. Montreal broadcaster Denise Bombardier’s championing *Narrative*, Hubert Aquin’s 1945 tale of a separatist terrorist, Will Ferguson, Calgary novelist and Maclean’s cover boy

editor, argues for Paul Fiebert’s 1947 classic, *Sarah Binks*. Mag Ruffian of Richmond Hill, Ont., actor and TV’s *Mr. Phil*’s *The Last Gentleman* (2001) by Helen Humphreys. Vancouver author Nancy Lee defends *Life of Pi*, Yann Martel’s Booker-winning 2002 fantasy. And Justin Trudeau, who, well, Justin Trudeau, looks *The Colony of Unrequited Dreams* (1998) by Wayne Johnston.

Ferguson, likely charged off by calling Sarah Binks, a fictional biography of a dreadful poetess, an exquisite proof of Canadian greatness. The others don’t exactly rally to the flag. “Wonderfully bad,” you call it, says Trudeau. “You can drop the ‘wonderfully’” Lee, picking up on Ferguson’s comment that few Canadians under 50 will have read it, says, “There’s a reason for that.” When the first-round ballots are counted, Sarah suffers another early demise (in the novel she dies of mercury poisoning from a home thermometer at age 23). For Ruffian,

Lee (left), Trudeau, Bombardier, Ruffian and Ferguson—together, proof of the notion that the jury always trumps the titles

gaston, it’s a cerebral release. No longer solid with a lost cause, he gleefully embraces his new role as agent provocateur. It’s not the only one to find a niche. Even early on Ruffian decides to play the field, a part the roles on with shrewdness and comic timing.

For Bombardier, Ferguson comes in on *Life of Pi*. The jury doesn’t promise a book already well known, he argues, and particularly by not one with a plot first located in a 1982 *Booklist* review, even if Martel acknowledges his debt to it. It’s almost possible to hear his legs rattle the stage. “It’s not a reality of courage that matters, but what you do with it.” Then she adds, “You and I were supposed to have an alliance.” Bombardier returns, “and you broke it so fast you made my head spin.”

The intriguing implication of this, that a Lee Ferguson could use to have propelled Sarah Binks and *Life of Pi* to the finals, were doubly greeted by everyone. The voting is another 5-1 tie with Ferguson, Ruffian and Trudeau wanting to stick Lee’s choice. Ferguson fishes an old grin at Lee as he tosses his copy over his shoulder. She then



by Wayne Johnston

launches a cogent defence of *Pi*—“big questions, brilliantly grappled with”—while the detractors avoid its “poeticism” (Bombardier), “overused scenes” (Trudeau) and “naïve theology” (Ferguson). It’s one of the event’s best exchanges, even if taken place after they’ve already voted Martel off.

Round 5 begins with Trudeau’s defence of *Colony*, “about a strange little man”—that would be Johnstone’s fictionalized Joey Smallwood—who eventually decides that Newfoundland has “no grip on the dream of nationhood, but believes it would possible to be a Newfoundland and a Canadian.” Of course it’s Trudeau’s face that anything so neatly political he may cut across his left flank. (Just read “Quebec” for “Newfoundland”) Ferguson, naming the western agent, wants to talk about historical difficulties. What about the fictional whiteness after Johnston created the fictional world? How would a disclaimer of Joey feel about that?

There’s a slight pause, as if the judges were wondering who’d be first to mention the obvious. Trudeau himself does. “Book, I’d hate it if someone wrote something like this about my dad. And someone probably will.” Still, he gains extra light to make what they’ve seen of the past. It’s an important question these days, when historical fiction is as dominant in Canada, but it’s not pursued by the judges, probably because the western present—including Ferguson—are an uncomfortable fit with Trudeau. Only

Ruffian, the actor, seems troubled. “After I read *Colony*, I thought I knew a lot about Newfoundland, but maybe I don’t.”

After Ruffian’s last *Colony* is finally read out, it’s down to the final. Bombardier concludes that “you can learn things and also encounter very deep emotions.” By that, Bombardier is emphasizing Aquin’s central place in Quebec cultural life in the times. Born in 1923, the brilliant, somewhat Montrealer announced in 1964 that he was going underground to seek independence through terrorism. Armed shortly afterwards, he spent four months in a psychiatric institution, where he wrote *Narrative* about a violent revolutionary imprisoned in a psychiatric institution. In 1977, suffering from severe depression, Aquin killed himself.

The novel, written in first, romantic, hard-to-translate French by a mentally unstable author about a mentally unstable protagonist, is very hard to follow. But for Bombardier, the book is emblematic of the nationalist generation that came of age in the ‘60s. That prompts Ferguson to declare, “Canadians could learn something.” To which Lee possibly replies, “Is it too good to go back to the idea now is an abuse from.”

The hurdle lies, and the outcome, now seem clear: Lee is backing Trudeau’s choice; Ferguson, Bombardier’s Ruffian, the swing vote, has never taken her choice for Martel

Episode. So everyone is somewhat amazed when the 5-2 decision names *Narrative* as the book Canadians should read. Bombardier was surprised she won the event’s single most ironic comment: “I can say that, there is a future for Canada.” Ferguson, meanwhile, has rightly deduced from Ruffian’s body language that she’s afraid she wrote down the wrong title. But a check of the ballots shows that the actor voted for *Colony*, just as he’d intended. As the poetry drops, every head suddenly turns toward Trudeau. No, he, too cheerfully admits, he voted against his own book. “Canadians should read *Narrative* to understand Quebec.”

Without an air of “what have we done” howling about them, the judges attempt to salute their winner. Trudeau, already, declares that *Colony* is the better book, “the one that will live,” implying that *Narrative* is better for as a dose of literary canon oil for improved national unity. Ferguson calls Aquin’s novel “immaculate,” but good. Right, adds Ruffian, who has reached her peak: now up for another level. “If you ever want into the realm of an emotional terror...” That *Colony* may well apply “no thanks” to the invitation occurs only to Lee.

The jury’s choice of an essentially unreadable novel arose purely from the ambiguity of the job. They were to pick not the best book, but the book Canadians should read—an opening that gave free rein to Canada’s imagined canyons. For more credit, however, was the judges’ unrepentant chemistry—proof of the notion that the jury always trumps the votes. Lee, who presented the best literary argument, didn’t win over anyone. Meanwhile, Trudeau, every such a politician-in-training, seemed to be demonstrating his Quebec credibility and winning Bombardier’s approval. Two personalities dominated: Bombardier and Ferguson. The Montrealer doggedly and admirably presented *Narrative* either as literature or as a one-day depending on how the conversation was unfolding. Ferguson was the event’s loose cannon, shaking up previously settled opinions. His decision, once he had his own book, to oppose the cause of Aquin was the turning point of *Canada Reads*.

It’ll be interesting to see what happens next. Will joyful Canadians bow down and swallow *Narrative* in seeping rain the numbers who picked up Ondaatje’s *In the Skin of a Lion*? Or will they opt for something better? A dose of *Pi*, perhaps?

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CLOSINGNOTES



FASHION | 56

A fitting job for a sports fan

When Shapers has expanded its business suit trade beyond wife and kids into the menswear world of the NBA and NFL, instead of corporate offices, the Vancouver-based tailor now travels to the inner sanctum of sports—the locker room—to do his work.



PEOPLE | 58

The location is too nice, miss

Shawn Adames claims of teaching member roles than his mild-mannered 30-year-old character.



Listings | Films & frogs

Shogun
May 18, 8 p.m.
The lesson from anime musician is in a North American bar promoting his new album. Look for Day even better on Vancouver.com 84.616.

Cineplex de la Bell
Shogun is an anime film. The lesson from anime musician is in a North American bar promoting his new album. Look for Day even better on Vancouver.com 84.616.

Science | Anne Breaks it, like, a total space cadet

Few teenagers place their bedroom walls with posters of their favourite astronauts or build telescopes in their spare time. But Calgary native Anne Breaks it, like, a total space cadet.

"My room is like a museum," says Breaks, teen spokesperson for Space Day 2003 and aspiring astronaut. "I have a bunch of stuff from NASA, some models and pictures, and even a signed poster of Roberto Boscato."

This week, the 18-year-old travels to Washington for Space Day on May 4. Her main responsibility? Getting young people excited about science and the study of space, to talk the Columbus space shuttle tragedy in February has made rougher. "Space exploration is vital to our future," says Breaks, who has dreamt of becoming an astronaut since the age of eight. "There's

The Calgary native is teen spokesperson for Space Day 2003.

TECHNICAL

For more information about Space Day, log on to www.space.day.ca as soon as May 1, and chat on IRC with Breaks.



a lot of great medical work being done up there and, who knows? One day a cure for cancer or AIDS may be discovered in space."

In 2001, Breaks spent a month at the International Space School in Houston. "We had to plan a married mission to Mars," she says. "I was selected the astronaut for the logistics team. Working with scientists in Houston for the month was an incredible learning experience." Aware of how difficult it is to break into NASA ranks, especially as a Canadian female, Breaks is developing new skills to improve her chances. She keeps it with the known do and is learning German, Russian and Japanese, she hopes to use one day aboard the International Space Station. This fall, Breaks begins a pre-named program at the University of Calgary—a step toward her goal of space exploration, its aerospace medicine at NASA.

JOHN INTAI



Fashion | A little guy goes a long way with the NBA

Shair Shapers is five feet eight. Admittedly, that's a little on the small side. While this normally wouldn't be an issue, Shapers is tall so the stars of the NBA and NHL. "I really did think I was going to need a ladder," says the Vancouver-based clothes. One can confirm, for example, is New York Knicks' Antonio McDyess—he stands six foot nine and is 245 lb. On a more manageable scale is Caroline Hammons (defensive) Bret Hedden is six foot two (285 lb.), who wore a Shapers suit at his wedding to figure skater Kristi Yamaguchi in 2000. "Their shoulder blades are huge," says Shapers. 44 "To get the fabric to fit over these huge blades that stick out of their backs is quite a challenge."

Despite the vertical challenge, this is a dream job for Shapers, an avid sports fan. "Having three huge guys standing around me, miked from out of the shower, looking through my watch books is a little bit surreal," he says. "But they are peacocks and they love clothing." A perfect match with their tailor, who started working in a clothing department with Beyoncé when he was 15. The first 20 years of his career, says Shapers, were spent solely in the grey and navy blue world of corporate dressing. Today, he's surrounded by colour. "I get reds and yellows and greens on these guys. They'll wear anything and it all looks great." Thanks, in no small part, to Shapers.

AMY CAMERON

Diversions | Rick Campanelli

Here's what the *MusicMunk* Vibe:

MUSIQ: BOOMKATOLONG ONE, by Boomcat: "I'm so addicted to it. I hear *MusicMunk* has really unique voice and the disc, which has a very poppy sound, is something from start to finish." **MOVIES/SHAPER MANAGEMENT**: "I really liked both *Wedding* and *Meet*. I've seen Adam Sandler at business movies."



Film | Cinema as slow blues

At last year's Cannes Film Festival, *The Piano* won the Palme d'Or. But the critical accolade was a much smaller tale of the disappointed. The film *Without a Paddle*—which won both the Venice and Toronto jury prizes and best actress award—this close of working class will not from Toronto writer-director Miki Kaulonski. Linnea Cleve, the *Without a Paddle* lead, is a designer and actress. And the story is a great piece, a man travelling to Helsinki (Mikko Peltola) loses his memory after being mugged by a gang of brutal thugs. Left for dead, he ends up in a apartment room by the waterfront. There he discovers a home is an accident and bright center, still in love with a Salvation Army worker (Pats O'Connor), and persuades the Sally Ann band to play it all.

Although the movie appears to be set in the '60s, the story for the sea has a timeless quality, as a last refuge of humanity. This is cinema as slow blues, the story of a man creating his life from scratch, acquiring a dog, a girl, a career and his. And so the narrative picks up a gentle momentum, the film Asquith's *Just as I Am*. With a comment, Kaulonski paints a vision of dignified sadness. We find a distant beauty



An exercise: Both love at the Sally Ann

In the sunken corners of the muted corners, in the spaces of the hallway, and in the white space that the exercise comes from the mids of the Salvation Army. Every frame conveys an unspoken tenderness. The tale is one of alcoholic despair, weaving between melancholy and hope, with a subversive wit bopping at the corners. Kaulonski offers very without cynicism, his pure cinematic style never upstages the characters. And in his soft-spoken hero, there's a touch of Chaplin's little Tramp. With warm colour, blunt dialogue and sublime music, Kaulonski somehow conjures the magic of silent film.

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People | The Iceman cometh to a theatre near you

Except for a black leather jacket, Shamus Ashmore—with his boy-band good looks and just happy-to-be-here enthusiasm—doesn't exactly come across as a badass. So it's tough to picture the Richmond, B.C. born actor (who swapped his time between Toronto and L.A.) as a movie villain, something he'd like to tackle. "I was always drawn to the darker characters in comic books," says Ashmore, 33, who reprises the role of the frozen, anti-social assassin who can freeze anything he touches, in *X-Men 2*. "I loved *Ghost Rider* and *Spidey*—the really violent, aggressive ones. I'd love to switch it up and play the bad guy sometime."

While a leading comic strip role remains elusive, his performance to *X2* is sure to be a major career boost. "When I first read the script, I flipped through the first couple of pages and then went straight to the end," says Ashmore. "The whole time, I was thinking, am I going to die? Do they make me disappear?" *X-men* to find an increased role for his character, Ashmore realized that it came with greater responsibilities. "The toughest day was the first read-through of the script," says Ashmore, who earned a Gemini nomination for his part in the 1994 TV movie *Conan*, and a known fan of his role as the Nicholas series antagonist.

Toronto-based Ashmore is a cool character in his repeated role as a mutant in *X-Men 2*.

"Looking around the table at actors like Patrick Stewart, Alan Cumming, Hugh Jackman and Halle Berry was incredibly intimidating. I didn't want to be the weak link, which was a great motivator for me."

The first few days on set were challenging, but mastering the role was far from taxing. "It was a lot of reading," laughs Ashmore, an avid comic book fan who still has a box of favorites stashed in the basement of his parents' Toronto home. "They had all the comic books on set and a lot of *X-Men* magazines and encyclopedias. It was like I was 10 again."

JOHN BRYAN

Books | The poetry of Canadian history

It seems only fitting that Canada's first poet laureate should write a history of the nation, George Bowering's *Native Country* (Penguin) is testimony from the start. An outspoken proponent of Native causes, Bowering accepts the Aboriginal belief that "they have always been here," something no anthropologist would. It's a fair warning to anyone who might mistake his work—an entertaining meditation on what Canada should be—for a (quasi) historical text. Bowering is at his best, if most depressing, at the end of the book, where the outbidding "Oh yeah, sure, I remember Canada," says it all. The U.S. owns us now, as Bowering's opinion, and to his disgust, we provide ourselves nothing better. "It is a strange time to be living in what is left of this country," he writes. While some Quebecers and New Brunswickers seek independence, most Canadians get happy to watch as their own "goes into the bid at Blackadder's Valley."



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	CHANGE	CHANGE	CHANGE
1.	THE REMINDER, Michael Chabon (D)	1	
2.	THE KING OF FOOLS, John Grisham (D)	2	
3.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	3	
4.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	4	
5.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	5	
6.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	6	
7.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	7	
8.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	8	
9.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	9	
10.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	10	

Non-fiction

	CHANGE	CHANGE	CHANGE
1.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	1	
2.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	2	
3.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	3	
4.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	4	
5.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	5	
6.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	6	
7.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	7	
8.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	8	
9.	THE LAST THING HE SAW, Michael Crichton (D)	9	
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THE VANISHING POINT

The feds says they care about Canadian TV drama. So why are they killing it?

WITH THE ONSLAUGHT of SARS, chaos in Iraq, and the prospect of a U.S. SUV embargo (despite the wilderness in Nunavut, I.C., there's more than enough to worry about these days. But I still find it alarming that no one seems to give a rat's ass about the imminent death of Canadian TV drama, aside from people who work in it. The federal government recently dropped a disaster bomb on the industry by cutting \$25 million from its \$100-million allocation to the Canadian Television Fund (CTF). That may seem to you like just another reduction of culture (or in a fiscal diet designed to create a lean, well-tuned economy) but it could drive programs such as *The Hour* and *22 Minutes*, *The Red Green Show* and *The Eleventh Hour* into extinction. It could also shatter the fragile ecology of Canadian television, and send talent scattering south. This year only 73 shows qualified for license fee funding from the CTF, fewer than half the number last year.

This is happening at a time when the fate of our TV drama is already in the 11th hour. Ratings have fallen off drastically during the past few years. And while American TV shows keep phoning in Toronto and Vancouver well-stocked with Winnipeg, indigenous production has slowed to a crawl.

I won't try to explain the eye-glazing complexity of license and TV financing in this space. It's sufficient to say that, unlike U.S. shows that are bankrolled by a large network or studio, a Canadian show is cobbled together from a crystal of public and private sources. It's like a house of cards. Remove one element, and it will collapse.

What's truly bizarre is that some of the most expensive and meticulously audited series are the ones in crisis. That's because much of the CTF's money is awarded on a point system. And as a bureaucratic establishment of the tall poppy syndrome, a show loses points if it's produced by a large company. *The Eleventh Hour* and *22 Minutes* fall under the sign of Alliance Atlantis, the country's largest producer of film and TV.

Why, you might ask, should the taxpayer help these fat cats make commercial television? Can't they do it on their own? Well, no. There isn't a country in the Western world, except for the United States, that produces TV drama for domestic audiences without public support. It's just not profitable.

A company like Alliance Atlantis is more interested in earning specialty channels and dominating film and TV. It's cheaper to buy someone's else's drama than to create your own. (Last month, Alliance joined an film and TV production staff, laying off 25 employees.) In the same vein, the CTV and Global networks find it easier to pick up U.S. shows like *ER* for \$100,000 an episode than to chip in for a \$1 million per episode Canadian drama. Even when Canadian drama gets made, getting it seen is another story. CTV is finally airing the last few episodes of *The Eleventh Hour*'s first season two months after pre-empting it for U.S. programming. Spooked by soft ratings, CTV agreed to renew this critically acclaimed series for a second season only after much hesitation. But just two months before

shooting is supposed to start, Ottawa has blown it out of the water.

The motive behind the our remains mystery. Sheila Copps, the minister made with providing over our and little culture, blames it on John Manley. Could it be that Manley is kicking Copps in the ribs because they're both vying for the Liberal leadership? (That's the kind of story the journalists on *The Eleventh Hour* would investigate and, as a typical episode, be prohibited from running.) And where's Jean Chretien in all this? He's supposed to be refining his legacy. What's the point of standing up to America on the war if we let it flatten our culture? Without Canadian drama, we're left with copiers, news and an imported imagination. A culture of billboards, imitations, regulatory agencies—and the dear old CBC, a \$1-billion-a-year bureaucracy that seems to have money for everything but programming.

The problem is, the more we worked you get about this, the more you sound like a huckster—like the Mary Walsh don't lady storming about "the Yanks, eh" on *22 Minutes*. I'm not sure Canada even cares about Canadian drama. They care when it looks like Ron MacLean might get dropped from *Hockey Night* in Canada. They care about man. But beyond Coach & Carter and a few anchor desks, we have no stars. A CBC reader recently complained to me that the network must do something for the show *Jack*, Nicholas Campbell. *The Eleventh Hour* is a smart, compelling series, but with a spreading ensemble cast, it's a show without a face. As with so much Canadian TV drama, and comedy—from *Made in Canada* to *The Newsroom*—its subject is television itself.

One of Canada's TV weekly bookends stars a Paul Gross, the Mooseman curier. But he can't get recruited in his dramas. Gross is trying to make *Manlyfist* Derrin, a conspiracy drama about the dissolution of Canada. It's an \$8 million miniseries, and with *Orson's* cut, he got just \$600,000 of the \$1.6 million needed from the CTF. "What are we supposed to do?" he asks. "Shoot every third page of the script? What's custom if you can't sell your own stories?" But then, why create a fiction about the dissolution of a nation when you can watch the real thing? Coming soon to a specialty channel near you: *Tomorrow: The End of Canada*.

AMERICA'S TIMES: I address writers about cultural issues. To comment, respond to @mcdonald.ca



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